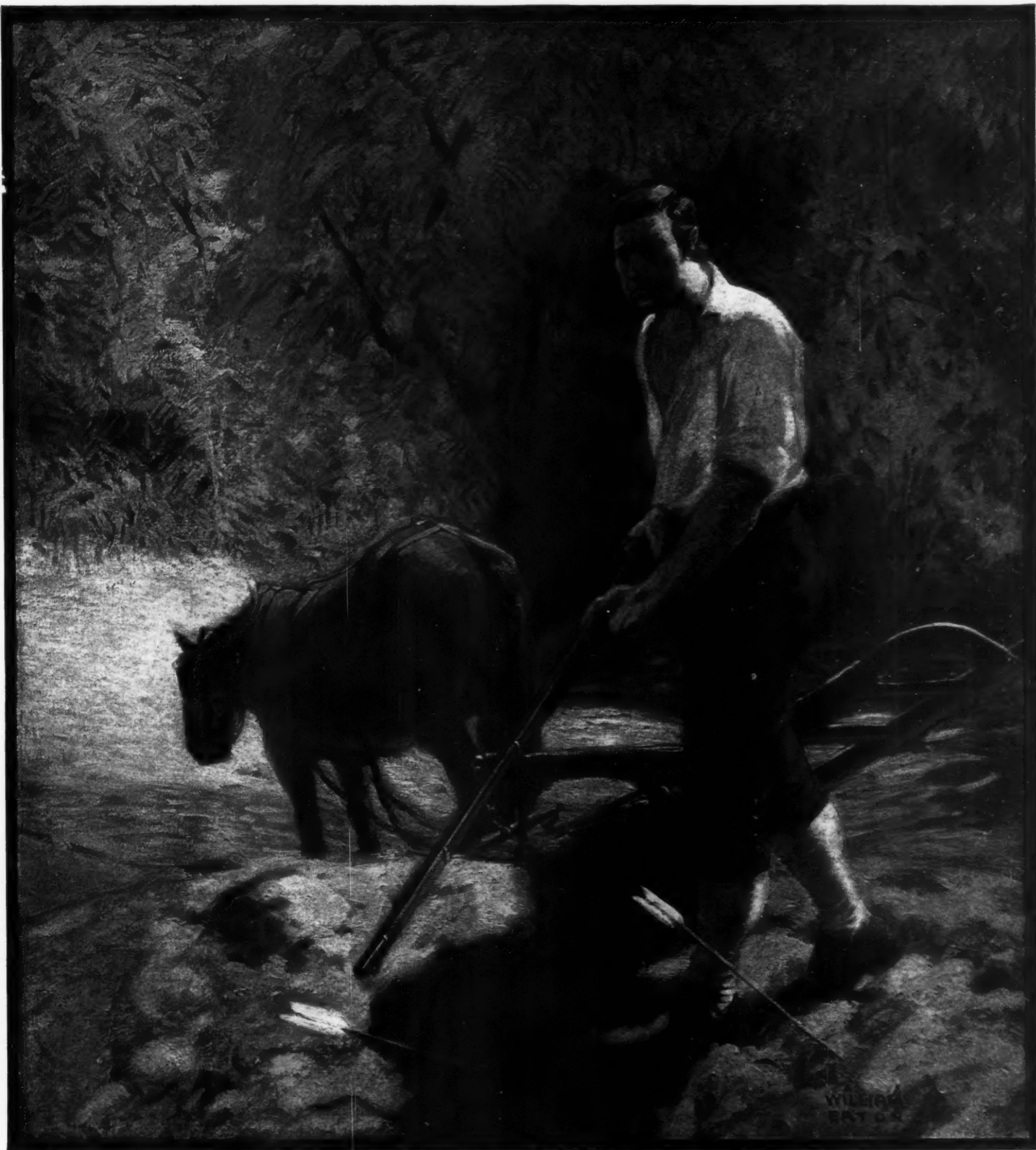


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



THE REAL EMPIRE BUILDERS OF OUR COLONIAL PERIOD WERE NOT THE STATESMEN • THE MEN OF WEALTH • THE GREAT PLANTERS • BUT THE UNKNOWN PIONEERS WHO FOUGHT SINGLE-HANDED AND AT ONCE BOTH THE PRIMEVAL WILDERNESS AND THE LURKING SAVAGE • • THE HAND CROOKED TO THE PLOUGHTAIL WAS SHAPED TO THE TRIGGER

OCTOBER 12, 1922



Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour in the palm of your hand. Note the creamy white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flour. Then rub it with your finger—see how *smooth* it is—the fine velvety texture of *real* wheat flour—the complete absence of harsh, coarse, gritty corn meal. Now you know why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such perfect pancakes.

Try this test with any other pancake flour.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

What is the secret of perfect pancakes?

THE SIMPLE TEST pictured above proves beyond question why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such light, fluffy, tender and *delicious* pancakes.

High-grade Wheat Flour

Any food expert will tell you that if you wish to serve perfect pancakes there is no substitute for creamy white, fine textured *wheat* flour.

Many other ingredients, such as ordinary corn meal, are cheaper. That is why so many pancake flours contain so much of it. But Pillsbury uses only the best quality ingredients,

including the same high-grade, rich wheat flour you yourself use in baking bread or cake.

The quality and quantity of real *wheat* flour in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour give your cakes a new and distinctive flavor—a delicate, golden brown color. They are delicious to eat and easy to digest.

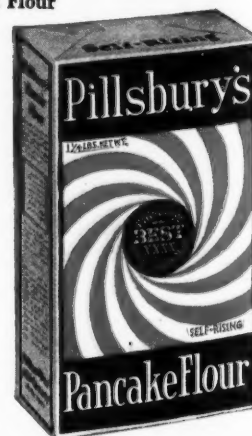
So Easy to Make

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is ready for instant use. You require no baking powder, no eggs, no milk—just add cold water and bake on a hot griddle. No mixing, no fussing, no trouble at all. Serve these perfect pancakes tomorrow. Give your family a tempting breakfast—with the nourishment of real wheat flour and *plenty* of it.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS • U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
Health Bran
Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour
Durum Flour
Farina



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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BOB in the barn cellar, ankle-deep in treasure, stood a moment thinking it out. "So, Gentleman Jordan," he said, "you weren't turning round after all that night I found you mired at the spring. You were on your way in here with your loot and mistook the entrance. Then you started for Danport, circled round and came back later with the stuff. I suppose I'd have found your tracks if I'd had any idea they were here to find. And you made this cupboard; it was such a good hiding place that you weren't even afraid to leave me down here with it. Well, I've found it anyway. I bet that bronze boy is the flatiron I spilled out of the car for you. Now let's see if this is the way to freedom."

Leaning back against the slanting side of the chute, Bob laboriously worked himself up by knees and elbows to the floor level. But when he got there, either the old opening was closed with screws or a car was standing on the door. There was only solid floor above him. He slid down the chute again almost in despair, but just as he touched earth he heard quick footsteps on the floor above.

"Hello!" he called. The steps stopped. "Hello!" he called again.

"Hello!" answered Lewis's voice. "Where are you?"

"In the cellar. Open the trap."

Lewis opened the trap. "How in thunder—" he began, but Bob interrupted him.

"Drop down that crate and give me a hand up. There's no time to lose."

"What's up?" demanded Lewis as he obeyed.

"I am," Bob said as with a jump he caught the barn floor and pulled himself out. "Gentleman Jordan's off with Mr. Bonner's car. Keep your head shut about it. He's locked the telephone booth. I'll run to the house to telephone. Stay here and watch things till I come back."

"Geewhillekins!" Lewis exclaimed, but Bob was already out of the barn and starting across the meadow.

He ran from barn to house in fast time and broke into the living room, where he went straight to the telephone and called the sheriff's number. It was Manning that replied.

"That you, Manning?" panted Bob. "I'm Bob Jamison."

"Have you got Gentleman Jordan?" asked Manning in an eager voice.

"I got Gentleman Jordan all right, but then I let him slip through my fingers."

"Why didn't you hold him?" asked Manning.

"Well, I couldn't, but I've found his cache—"

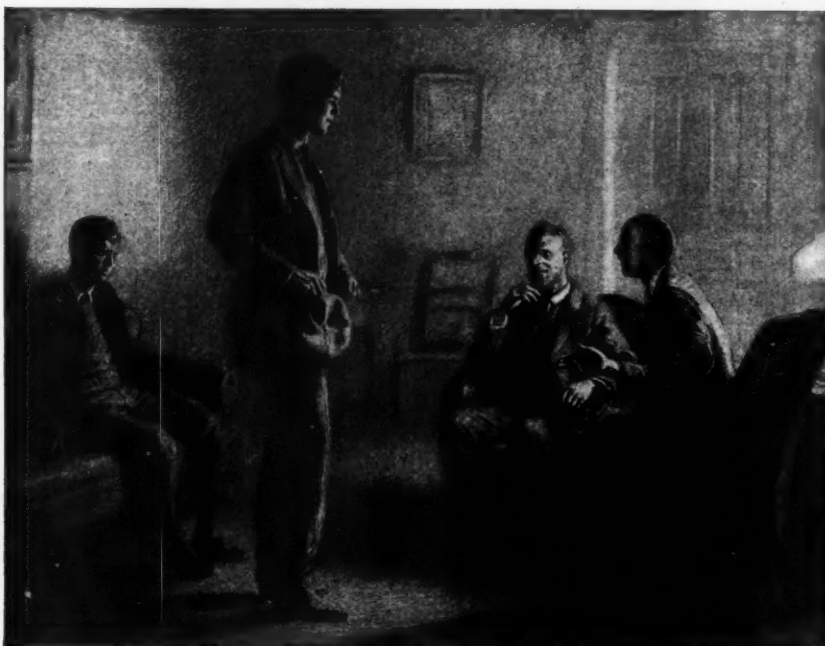
"You have? Good! I've got Banerman; he's confessed to the anonymous letters and is ready to turn state's evidence to convict Jordan. Now what is it that you know?"

"We'll get him yet," declared Bob. "He's gone off with Bonner's car, but I spiked both the rear tires, and there are no whole spares."

"That was clever."

"It was all I could do except find out his route. He took the back road to New Sharon, and from there on to Milton; he has a pal whose telephone is 355 Milton Center, and he's taking the car to a man named Hicks at Milton Corners. Get all that?"

"I'll put it down," Manning answered. "How much start has he?"



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

"Because it pleases me to find a boy who can rise to an emergency," Mr. Bonner said

ROBERT THE RESPONSIBLE

By Helen Ward Banks

Chapter Ten. Bob sells two tires

"Half an hour, I should say. He had me locked in the barn cellar, and I just got out."

"I'm off," Manning said. "I carry a warrant for Jordan, and if I catch him it will mean something to me. Can you keep this cache hidden till we can look it over? All right then. So long!"

Bob hung up the receiver and turned back to his astonished uncle and aunt. "It's Gentleman Jordan," Bob said. "I found his cache in the barn cellar; all Mrs. Lemuel Jones's things and lots of others. Jordan has taken Mr. Bonner's car, and if Manning doesn't catch him I suppose I'm responsible for the car."

"It is probably insured," Uncle Joe said.

"Yes, but the insurance has not been transferred. That's the worst of it. Do you know how many thousands of dollars a Hycomobile costs?"

"He wouldn't be hard on you," murmured Aunt Lida. "You did your best."

"He's a business man," Bob answered. "I saw that this morning. It was a bargain between us, and I told him I was responsible. I suppose he could jail me if Jordan really gets away with the car. I can make good the tires, but I never could pay for the car."

"Don't you fret," Uncle Joe declared, placing his hand on Bob's shoulder. "I'm behind you; you're my boy. I'll sell the farm before I'll let any harm come to you."

Bob took his uncle's hand. "You're a brick, Uncle Joe," he said with a break in his voice, "but I'd never let you do that. Now it's up to me to find Mr. Bonner and face the music."

"We'll have waffles for supper," Aunt Lida said, starting for her apron.

The sympathy of them both put new courage into Bob's heart to start out to find Mr. Bonner. As he neared the barn his heart gave a great leap, for there was Mr. Bonner coming up the lane. Bob's bad quarter of an hour was upon him. Mr. Bonner came nearer,

and Bob saw at once that he was in a bad temper.

"Let me have my car as quickly as you can, please," he said curtly. "I should have started an hour ago."

"Mr. Bonner," Bob said, standing very pale and straight, "it is hard to tell you, but your car has been stolen."

Mr. Bonner's brows drew together. "Stolen? I thought you said it was safe in your care?"

"I thought it was," Bob said unhappily.

"I suppose you know that you are responsible?"

"Yes, sir, if we do not find the car."

"What are you doing to find it?"

"One of the state police is after it now, and as we know which way the thief went I think there is a big chance of getting it back, but I owe you two tires in any case."

"What do you mean, two tires? And how do you know which way the thief went?"

"It was like this," said Bob and told his story from the beginning.

Mr. Bonner listened so closely that he gradually forgot to frown.

"It's rather a pity that you didn't obey your first impulse and run off with the car yourself," he said dryly as Bob finished.

"Yes, sir," agreed Bob. "I was an idiot to be fooled, but I really thought the man was hurt."

"There's nothing to do but wait for a report from the state policeman, I suppose," Mr. Bonner answered and went over to sit down on a running board. "Till we hear from him, we don't know what's what."

"Where's George?" Lewis asked in a subdued tone.

"I'd forgotten all about him. I wonder if he did go off with Jordan."

"It'll be some experience if he did," Lewis remarked.

Bob without answering went across to the telephone corner to break open the door. There was a new worry added to his load;

what had become of George? No one spoke in the garage for some minutes. Mr. Bonner sat motionless, thinking hard; Lewis loitered aimlessly about; Bob succeeded in opening the door. Then the telephone bell rang. Bob sprang to the instrument.

"Yes. I'm Robert Jamison," he said.

"My name is Brent," said the voice at the other end. "I've been watching a car here on the New Sharon road, and one of the state police just stopped to look at it and told me to call you up and tell you where you could find it."

"Is it a Hycomobile?" Bob asked eagerly.

"Yes, a new one." He gave the car number. "It's within a stone's throw of the point where the New Sharon road joins the Milton turnpike. If you're coming right over, I'll wait. There's a boy here, too; the police fellow says he lives at your house."

"We'll be over as quick as a car will bring us," Bob declared.

He came out of the telephone booth with the color back in his face and his mouth twisting up into a smile. "We've got her, sir," he said. "If Lew will take charge here, I'll run you over for your car, and we'll pick up some new tires on the way."

"At whose expense?" asked Mr. Bonner, coming to his feet.

"At mine of course, sir. I couldn't have paid you for a new car, but I did have money enough to buy two new tires, and I thought by puncturing them I might save the car."

"Just as it happened," replied Mr. Bonner, "but you wouldn't have found the car so readily if you hadn't overheard that telephone conversation."

"No, sir. That was luck."

"Luck or—forethought," grumbled Mr. Bonner. "What are you going to take me over in? Hello, there's Calhoun! What are you doing here?"

"I'm going home," answered Mr. Calhoun. "Are you?"

"I would be if I had a car. It's stranded on a back road to New Sharon."

"I'll take you along, Bonner," Mr. Calhoun offered. "I can go that road as well as the other. Get in here."

Mr. Bonner got in. "Want to come along and buy those tires?" he asked of Bob.

"Yes, sir," Bob answered. "I've got to look my cousin up too. Keep after things here. Lew. Back a car over that trapdoor and don't let anyone get down there. Tell Uncle Joe where I am, will you?"

Bob sprang into the tonneau of Mr. Calhoun's car and they ran into Danport for the new tires, which Bob ordered charged to his account. His mouth puckered at their cost, but he was too glad that things were no worse to let his business failure weigh on him as heavily as it would have weighed otherwise. With the tires in the tonneau beside him, he settled back to calculate just how much he had lost. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bonner in front, although Bob could not hear their conversation, were talking in low tones that ran on as steadily as the car until Mr. Calhoun drew up where Brent was standing by his runabout at the junction of the road with the wood path.

"My name is Bonner," announced Mr. Bonner.

"Then you have a car waiting for you a few yards up this path," answered Brent.

"What became of the young fellow who was in the car?" Bob asked.

"He's at Mr. Green's house," Brent replied. "Say, he's some boy. That rascal wouldn't have been caught except for him. I was going to take him along innocent as a lamb. He knocked the boy down for telling on him and knocked his senses out."

"He's my cousin," said Bob. "I'd like to find him."

"Why don't you take my runabout and look him up," suggested Brent. "I'll help Mr. Bonner change tires while you're gone."

"Bring him back here, and I'll take you both home," Mr. Bonner said curtly.

"Well, if you're all cared for," added Mr. Calhoun, "I might as well be getting along. Send that check any time that suits you, Bonner."

"All right," replied Bonner, still curt.

As Mr. Calhoun departed, Brent, who had loaded the new tires into his runabout, carried them and their owner down the wood path to the Hycobile. Then Bob in the runabout sped off to find his cousin.

George was sitting bolt upright solitary in the living room. The housekeeper had cared for his bodily needs, but had brought him little spiritual help. He trembled and drew back as Bob opened the door, but when he saw who it was he flung himself across the room and threw his arms about his cousin.

"O Bob," he gasped, "you came! I thought nobody would ever come. Don't let them take me to prison, Bob. I'm sorry I locked you down and went off with Jordan. I was a fool. But I'm going to be different. You'll see how different, Bob, if you don't let them put me in prison. I will do everything you say."

There was a little choke in Bob's throat as he put his arms round his cousin and awkwardly patted his shoulder. He knew that he really was fond of George at bottom, and that Aunt Lida was right in saying that he had stopped short of his responsibility in the matter of his cousin.

"Cheer up, old man!" he laughed. "No one's going to take you anywhere except home; that's what I'm here for. Pretty good place to go, eh?"

"I thought maybe I'd never get there again," George said, releasing Bob. "Let's go quick."

"I'm ready," Bob answered.

George found his hat, said good-by to the unsympathetic housekeeper, and the two were off. They drove in silence until George spoke.

"Did you spike Mr. Bonner's tires?"

"Yes," Bob said. "And it worked, didn't it?"

"I knew you did it. It made me tell on Jordan. I didn't want to. I thought they'd arrest me too. But I did."

"You saved Bonner's car."

"I thought you'd have to pay for it," faltered George.

"You're some chap, George," Bob said heartily, and George flushed under the unusual praise.

"I'm sorry you had to leave your work to come all this way after me," George said gruffly after a while. "I—I sort of spoiled your business, Bob."

"I can stand it so long as Mr. Bonner gets his car back," Bob answered lightly.

They had a few minutes to wait for the last tire to be put on the Hycobile, and George drew as far away as possible from Mr. Bonner. The latter paid the boy no attention, however. When the work was done he gave Brent a bill and his thanks, and the youth drove gratefully away.

"As you bought me new tires, these punctured ones are yours, I suppose," Mr. Bonner said. "Put them in the tonneau and take them along. You can drive."

George crept in beside the tires, grateful to be behind where no one would look at him. Bob turned the big car round and headed for home.

"Make your best time," Mr. Bonner said as they started, and Bob did it. He took no chances, he slowed in bad spots and at corners, he never tried to pass at a risk, but he made up time on the stretches where the road was clear and straight.

"You're a good driver," Mr. Bonner said as Bob stopped in front of Uncle Joe's door.

"Thank you, sir," Bob answered. "You've been awfully decent about your car, and I appreciate it. I can't tell you how glad I am you got your car back."

"So am I," answered Mr. Bonner. "I'll go into the house a minute. You needn't come with me. I'll find your uncle for myself. Your work will need you just about this time."

"Find Uncle Joe, will you, George?" Bob asked. "And then come on over and help if you want to. Good-by, Mr. Bonner, and thank you more than I can say."

"I'll see you again," Mr. Bonner replied. "Take George with you."

As the two boys neared the barn Lewis spied them. "Hello," he cried, "here's Georgie Porgie back. What brought you home, Georgie Porgie?"

"Bob," answered George, with an unwilling little grin. The hated name sounded now like homely music.

"Bob's some chap," Lewis volunteered.

"Yes," agreed George.

Lewis made opera glasses of his hands and stared at George. Then the telephone rang.

"I'll go," Bob said. "Hello!—Oh, it's you, Manning."

"Yes," Manning answered, "it's I. Get your car all right? I got my man, and we've got evidence enough to hold him. I can't tell you what this will mean to me, Jamison, and a big share of it's owing to you. I tell you I'm obliged."

"George turned the last trick," laughed Bob.

"The trick was turned, whoever did it, and it's turned to stay. You've kept that cache hidden?—All right. I'll be over after supper to see what's there. It's come out pretty well on the whole, hasn't it?—So long, for now."

"Pretty well—on the whole," Bob echoed to himself.

The rush for cars began then and kept all three boys too busy to do any more thinking. It was dark when the last vehicle rolled away.

"George," Bob said in a tone he had never used to his cousin before, "want to do something for me?"

"Sure," George answered promptly.

"Will you go over to the house and tell Aunt Lida that I'll be over in fifteen minutes hungry as ten bears? I've got to straighten up here first."

George went off, and Lewis spoke in a sepulchral whisper: "What did you do to him, Bob? He's eating out of your hand."

"George is all right," Bob answered. "You'd better cut too, Lew, or you'll miss your supper. So long. We'll have better luck tomorrow."

Lewis departed whistling, and Bob, after he had made his place ready for a new day's trade, went slowly across the meadow toward home.

"It'll mean this whole week's hard work to put me back where I was when I started," he thought. "It would have been as cheap to sit still. But nobody suffers except me, and we've caught Jordan and waked up George, so we'll call it square. I did the best I could, and at least we saved the car amongst us. Sorry I didn't see Mr. Bonner again."

But as he came up to the porch he heard voices within, and there sat Mr. Bonner in the living room talking to Uncle Joe like a friend and a brother. George sat on the sofa.

"Oh, I'm glad you're not gone," Bob said.

"I'm invited to stay and eat waffles. You wouldn't have me say no to that, would you?" Mr. Bonner asked.

"Not to Aunt Lida's waffles," Bob answered, wondering what sun had thawed Mr. Bonner's coldness to geniality. "I'd better go and wash up and get ready myself."

Mr. Bonner cleared his throat. "Just a minute. Those punctured tires belong to you, of course, but they can't be wholly spoiled. Are they in the market? I'll give you a thousand dollars for them."

Bob looked in amazement from Mr. Bonner to Uncle Joe without a word. A slow smile spread over Mr. Bonner's lean face.

"There's a bargain in it," he said. "I beat Calhoun down to nine hundred and fifty dollars on the truck, and I want to sell it to you for a thousand. Is it a go?"

Then the color surged up over Bob's face. "Oh, I couldn't," he stammered. "Why should you do that?"

"Because it pleases me to find a boy who can rise to an emergency," Mr. Bonner said in his slow way. "I told you that the car insurance was not transferred. If Jordan had got away with it, I probably should never have seen it again. One thousand dollars isn't much to pay for saving a Hycobile. I'll take you down to Stanbrook tomorrow, and you can drive the truck home. I'll see that you get all the business you can carry."

"But Uncle Joe," protested Bob. "He can't spare me yet, I'm afraid."

"That's going to be all right, Robert," Uncle Joe said in his calm way. "Work's over for this year, and I think that before next year I'm going to make a farmer out of George. From what he says I think he's had enough adventuring and is ready to settle down. How about it, George?"

"Yes, sir," George answered meekly.

"Are you all ready for supper?" asked Aunt Lida from the doorway.

Bob dashed across to her. "Aunt Lida!

Aunt Lida!" he cried excitedly. "Mr. Bonner has given me my truck. He's given it to me, Aunt Lida."

"Well," she answered placidly, "you deserve it, Robert the Responsible."

THE END.

SPANISH CHOCOLATE

By Marguerite Aspinwall

"Well, Miss Forbes," he said kindly, "I am told that you have a plan."



AS Mollie Forbes was absent-mindedly drawing rectangles and agitated-looking half-moons on the neat blotter of her desk she knew that she had hold of the tail feathers of a brilliant idea. To change the metaphor, she had picked up the idea in pieces and for the last twenty-four hours had been engaged in fitting them laboriously together as she might fit the parts of an intricate picture puzzle.

If the other members of the advertising department of the American Chocolate Company had known what she was doing, they would have groaned in concert, for Mollie's ideas had already caused them extra work, and they were opposed to extra work on principle, especially when the newest addition to the pay roll brought it upon them. But in the inner offices behind the several closed ground-glass doors some one would have grinned perhaps, though he would also have been expectantly interested to see how the girl would solve her puzzle. For some time the officers of the company had had their eyes on Mollie Forbes's work, though as yet they had said nothing to her of their interest.

Though Mollie had been with the company scarcely a year, she already had turned out some original advertising copy that on more than one occasion had caused her name to be brought to the attention of the managers. Her habit of carefully thinking out her ideas before submitting them for inspection had saved her from suggesting the usual "wild-cat" schemes of the novice. Perhaps it was that soberness of judgment as much as the ideas themselves which had attracted the official attention.

Now she was pondering her latest idea; she checked off various items on her slim pink finger tips. First of all there was the day in the president's office when she had been an interested listener at the discussion of the company's South American policy. Not that Mollie had been present in any official capacity; the advertising manager had sent her to the private letter files that were in the small office adjoining the president's to find some old correspondence; the door was open, and naturally she could not be expected to close her ears while she worked. For some time she had heard a good deal of talk on the possibility of getting more of the South American trade now that the war was ended, and more than once she had wondered why the company did not make an effort to get it. She had been disappointed when the meeting had ended without the company's deciding on any new policy. The opinion seemed to be that South America was an uncertain market for American-made chocolate. South of the equator the tide of buying seemed to have set toward Europe. When Mollie had gone back to her desk her smooth forehead was puckered in thought.

Next among the pieces of her puzzle was a remark of the president's brown-eyed secretary, with whom Mollie had formed a pleasant lunch-time friendship. Miss Sheila Woodruff had been brought up in South America, and though she had been with the American Chocolate Company for several years, nothing that anyone could say could induce her to try so much as a bite of the company's justly famous product. Her dislike for company chocolate was one of the office jokes; she was used to Spanish chocolate, she declared, and that kind was quite different and, for her at least, was infinitely preferable. Mollie's curiosity had been roused, and on

questioning her friend, she had accumulated such a mass of information on the subject of North and South American tastes in chocolate that she was eager to bring it to the attention of Mr. Andrew J. Boltwood, president of the company, and at the same time to lay before him a plan for testing the accuracy and value of certain suggestions that had occurred to her.

Mollie ran her fingers nervously through a curly mass of heavy bronze-colored hair. Then, like a swimmer who is about to plunge, she drew a long breath and took down the receiver of her desk telephone. "Put me on Miss Woodruff's wire," she said to the operator.

When Sheila's voice answered Mollie asked for an interview with Mr. Boltwood. "If you will come over at once," Sheila said after a moment's delay, "Mr. Boltwood will see you. He is going out in a few minutes."

Mollie got to her feet; her heart was beating quickly, and her cheeks had lost some of their color.

There was a little spark of expectancy in Miss Woodruff's brown eyes when Mollie entered the office; the look somehow put the girl on her mettle and gave her courage. Sheila at least believed in her. Indeed, Mollie Forbes was a constant wonder and delight to the more timid Sheila. She loved Mollie's daring and resourcefulness. Mollie sat down in the chair that the president waved her to and waited for him to open the interview.

"Well, Miss Forbes," he said kindly, "I am told that you have a plan to propose. I've heard something of your ideas before. I believe you've made some good suggestions for other departments too. It was you, wasn't it, who suggested the card cataloging of confectioners in the order of their chocolate consumption to be used in connection with the geographical files? Mr. Hunter tells me it's helped materially in opening up new districts."

A hot flush of pleasure spread from Mollie's square chin to the roots of her unruly bronze hair. She had not known that her name had gone up with the report of the revised filing. "What I have to say now is outside my department too, properly speaking," she began. "It has to do with our South American business—or rather," she amended frankly, "with our lack of business, as you spoke of it yourself at the meeting the other morning. I could not help hearing the talk, you know, and I was interested. It seems as if we ought to get a good share of their trade if we'd only go after it. Something was said also about American-made chocolate's not suiting them very well down there. All Spanish countries are large chocolate consumers; you know that better than I do, of course." Mollie's tone was a mixture of apology and eagerness. "Only they're accustomed to Spanish chocolate; that is, chocolate flavored with cinnamon instead of the vanilla extract we're used to up here. But probably you know that also." She was thoughtful for several moments; then she continued as briskly as before: "Now, as I figure it out, Americans—I mean United States Americans—are more adaptable than the people of some other nations. We're ready to try almost anything once. But from what I can find out the Spaniards aren't, and the South American countries are only Spanish once or twice removed. They stick to the kind of thing—chocolate, for example—that they are used to. Personally I don't like the taste of it mixed with cinnamon, but Miss Woodruff—she

motioned toward Sheila—"was brought up down there, and she can't bear the chocolate she gets in New York."

"H'm," said Mr. Boltwood thoughtfully, though his eyes were twinkling. "And yet suppose I've been told all this before, as you suggest?"

"But," Mollie pointed out boldly, "you haven't acted on it, sir. We've kept right on trying to sell them vanilla chocolate and then saying that the American-made product doesn't go in South America."

The president glanced at his watch by way of reminding her that his time was running short. "You want us to start making cinnamon-flavored chocolate?" he suggested. "It might not go after all, you know, and we couldn't sell it up here. What then?" He smiled.

"Yes, but we wouldn't make it in large quantities yet," Mollie urged him desperately. "I've thought of a small way to test the matter out. Of course first we'd have to advertise our new policy; so why not open a tea room in connection with one of our retail stores here in the city and sell our new Spanish chocolate there? We'd serve real South American dishes, things you can't ordinarily get up north. I've worked out some plans for drawing the trade of South Americans in New York; there are a lot of South Americans, Spaniards and Cubans, mostly round Fourteenth Street. Then when we've got them interested we'll have an opening to get at their friends back home. For the first few months I thought we might offer to send two- or three-pound packages of our cake chocolate free of carriage charges to any South or Central American country that has parcel-post service. We could have little cards printed with some such offer and could put them on all the tables and see how many customers would fall for it." Mollie always grew a little slangy when she was most earnest. "In that way and by direct advertising we'd get a big list of names and addresses to send booklets and circulars to from time to time."

She paused, talked to a standstill for once. She looked so eager as she sat there that Sheila could not help smiling.

Then Mollie gathered herself for one final argument. "Anyhow, Mr. Boltwood," she said abruptly, "the tea room would pay for itself. We're almost the only chocolate manufacturers that haven't already opened one or more tea rooms in connection with the stores—and all the others are making money. You should see the crowds at some of the tea rooms during the noon hour every day; Miss Woodruff can tell you. We've found it hard to get a table at any of them."

The president drew a little sheaf of letters toward him. "I'll let you hear from me in regard to this matter, Miss Forbes," he said pleasantly, "in a day or two probably."

He called Mollie back as she was closing the door behind her. "You couldn't run a tea room alone," he reminded her.

"Yes, sir," Mollie said promptly; "I've thought about that. I'd like to have Miss Woodruff."

Sheila gasped, but her eyes shone with excitement.

"That's cool, I must say," the president objected. "My own secretary—I like that!"

"She's necessary to the plan," Mollie insisted. "She's the only person in the office who really knows South America." She added the last bit of information with comprehensive contempt for the entire sales force.

The president, turning curiously to see how his secretary appeared to like the extraordinary plan, noticed the sparkle in her brown eyes and shut his lips on the words that he had been about to utter.

It was in that way that the Pan-American Tea Room, situated in a high-ceilinged, dark, old-fashioned house just off Fourteenth Street, came into being. Mollie and Sheila found the house one day at lunch time and had the lease signed before sunset.

Even the great of this earth such as presidents of corporations and the like are human and therefore have their weaknesses. Mr. Boltwood himself yielded occasionally to the weakness—at least he called it that—of an experiment. The Pan-American Tea Room was one of his experiments. Perhaps it would be truthful also to say that Mollie Forbes was his experiment. He believed that there was good business material in Mollie, and he was willing to invest some money in proving that his belief was well founded. The South American part of the plan did not enter his calculations at all; he was convinced that nothing would come of that scheme. But he did expect that the tea room would pay for itself eventually. In the present crowded condition of New York at noon tea rooms, if they were managed well and had good, reasonably priced food and quick service,



"Mollie Forbes," the girl said tragically, flinging both arms out in helpless indignation, "we're—we're dished!"

were a pretty safe investment. And the thing was not bad advertising. If Mollie were successful—well, there was to be a vacancy before long in the assistant advertising manager's office.

The president had built up his present efficient organization by methods of that sort. His knack of picking capable men and women came close to being genius; and, once let him make up his mind that a man could be moulded into a useful instrument for the company, he did not allow time, trouble or expense to stand in the way. In the case of the tea room he begrudged his capable young secretary to the experiment far more than he begrudged the money that he should have to spend. He hated new faces round him, and moreover Sheila knew his pet likes and dislikes and the proper manner of carrying out the day's work. Having made the sacrifice, however, and mentioned a certain sum as the limit of expense money, he apparently washed his hands of the matter and sat back to wait until the results should prove whether he was right or wrong. Once he had set an experiment in motion, he never interfered. The American Chocolate Company did not need people who needed interference.

So Mollie and Sheila found to their amazement, and perhaps to their consternation as well, that they had before them a "clear field and no favor." No one asked questions of them, no one made suggestions or comments. But they had the optimism of youth, and they plunged wholeheartedly into what for

both was not so much an uncertain business undertaking as it was a high adventure. They made an interesting game of refurbishing the dark old house. By working just as hard as they possibly could they had everything finished the night before the day of the announced opening; the furniture was in, the rows of little tables were set, and the candles were lighted under scarlet silk shades that resembled big Flanders poppies. "Just for the effect," Mollie had pleaded, coloring a little as she thought how childish her "dress rehearsal" might seem.

Since the old house naturally was dark, they had chosen cheerful-looking chintzes, gray painted furniture and those saucy, flaunting shades that gave the tables the appearance of a row of gaudy little flower beds.

"I hope it will be a fine day tomorrow," Mollie said and frowned thoughtfully.

Sheila, equally serious, turned to the window and gazed out. "There's going to be a lovely sunset in a few minutes," she announced triumphantly. "It's almost sure to be a good day. Everything'll go smoothly; you'll see."

But alas for her powers of prophecy! It was she that discovered the tragedy the next morning. Mollie, who arrived at the house almost half an hour after Sheila, was not prepared to see her friend, anxious-eyed and white, emerging from the kitchen to answer her ring of the doorbell. "Mollie Forbes," the girl said tragically, flinging both arms out in helpless indignation, "we're—we're dished: the factory's fallen down on their end of it." Her voice was thick with angry tears. "They've telephoned that they can't deliver the new chocolate before tomorrow. There's been some mix-up about dates. What are we going to do? We've sent out all those announcements for the opening. I've thought till my brain's ready to crack. O Mollie!"

They looked at each other in consternation.

"We've got to find a way out," Mollie said fiercely. "What did they say? I don't believe there was any mix-up. Mr. Rogers down at the factory has been grouchy about the plan ever since Mr. Boltwood gave in. I'm sure there's some underhand work on foot."

She strode abruptly to the telephone in the hall and when she came back her face was set in grim lines that looked oddly incongruous with her youth and fresh coloring. "I talked to him," she said briefly. "We'll have that chocolate by tomorrow morning. He declares it was a blunder, but right now that doesn't get us anywhere."

"We'll have to postpone the opening," said Sheila faintly.

"No, ma'am!" Mollie spun round to face her. "That's just what we can't do. If the people who got our notices or read our ads are turned away today, they may not trouble to come back tomorrow."

Both girls were thoughtful.

"I could change the lunch," Mollie said at last. "We might make it a table d'hôte for the opening day. I'll leave out all the chocolate combinations; we already have a number of Spanish and South American dishes on the menu that don't need chocolate. And we have some real Brazilian coffee that we could use. Maybe we can manage." With a quick little gleam of hope her worried eyes lifted to the other girl's face; already she was hard at work again, rearranging and fitting the pieces of her puzzle.

She sighed with relief. "Sometimes the main thing to do in a crisis is to bluff and keep on bluffing," she said. "We must never admit we hadn't planned it this way all along. It's like this: we want to be sure that we're pleasing our customers before we take orders for our new chocolate; we invite criticism—get the idea? Therefore we are taking the names and addresses of all our first-day patrons and are sending each free of charge by special delivery a one-pound cake either of sweet or of cooking chocolate, cinnamon-flavored. And with each package there'll be an order blank that they can fill out if they want more—at regular prices of course. After that we'll assume that everyone is satisfied with the new brand, and we'll serve it in the tea room. How's that? Do you think we can get away with it?"

Sheila's voice sounded awed. "You—you think of everything, Mollie. You're a wonder! I'll go now and drill the waitresses about getting the names. Then at luncheon I'll go round to the tables and talk to people; air my old Spanish a bit; it ought to make some of them feel at home?" The eager tones trailed into a hesitant, upward inflection, and Mollie's hand went out impulsively and closed over her friend's.

"You're a good little thing," she said, touched by Sheila's eagerness. "Bluff—if you've an idea behind it—sometimes pulls you through lots of tight places. We'll manage."

The plan was successful. People seemed to like the big, high-ceilinged tea room with its bright chintzes, its cosy, gray painted tables set comfortably far apart, its candlelight and its deft service. And they gave unqualified approval to its capable young manager and to the slim, brown-eyed girl who in pretty, soft-voiced Spanish could talk of familiar things to homesick strangers. Also they approved of the little boxes of Spanish chocolate, tied gaudily with the Spanish colors, that with the compliments of the American Chocolate Company reached each first-day patron the next afternoon. They told their friends in the city and came again. And the friends told other friends and, just as Mollie had hoped, commented favorably in their letters home; and the little hand-painted sign above the cashier's desk that offered to send two- or three-pound boxes of chocolate carriage free to any part of South America excited first a flood of questions and then a gradually increasing number of orders. Of course the company lost money on the scheme, but it made for good will, the advantages of which were immediate, and for advertising, the value of which, though uncertain, seemed to Mollie to be worth while.

After the first month the tea room began to pay for itself, though the president in his own mind had given it three months. At the end of four it was succeeding so well that others in the company were beginning to think of additional tea rooms—not necessarily South American—in connection with all of their largest retail stores. The president, however, sat tight and said nothing. He wanted his secretary back; tea rooms seemed to him to be a minor consideration. He had been having rather a bad time with a procession of incompetent substitutes, and his patience even with highly successful experiments was almost exhausted. Besides, there was now a vacancy at the assistant advertising manager's desk, and it needed to be filled. So after a little discussion he put an older woman who had had experience in running tea rooms into the Pan-American as manager, and with an unexpected increase of salary Sheila came back to her desk.

Things went along uneventfully for a few days. Mollie, pleasantly aware that she had succeeded, jogged on comfortably in her old place in the advertising department. Then one morning the president sent for her.

Mr. Boltwood had three letters spread out on the desk in front of him and was



re-reading them when Mollie entered. "Sit down, Miss Forbes," he said affably. "I've some letters here that may interest you. Mr. Hunter brought them in last night. Oddly enough they all came in the same mail—South American mail," he added significantly.

Mollie reached for them impetuously. The president and Sheila who was on the opposite side of the room, watched her with interest while she was reading.

"Well?" Mr. Boltwood asked quietly when Mollie looked up.

The girl glanced at him and then down at the letters again. They all bore South American postmarks. One letter was from a fashionable club in Buenos Aires and asked for prices on regular consignments of the American Chocolate Company's latest brand of cinnamon chocolate of which they had received recent samples. The two remaining letters were orders from firms in Buenos Aires and Valparaiso, Chile, for shipments of the chocolate.

"We did start something," Mollie exulted breathlessly after she had read all three letters for the third time. "Of course you're going to follow it up, sir?" Her eyes were suddenly anxious.

"It looks like a good opening," the president admitted cautiously. "It's proved good advertising anyhow." Then he swung his chair round abruptly to face Mollie. "It's good enough anyhow for us to offer you Mr. Wright's position as assistant advertising manager," he said. "I was talking to Mr. Hunter last night and again this morning; he thinks you can handle it, Miss Forbes, so you have the opportunity to prove yourself."

He paused and with a covert twinkle regarded the astonished girl. "Take a little time to think the matter over," he suggested amiably. "Take a long breath, and—well, you might pinch yourself to be sure you're awake."

Both Sheila and the president were smiling now.

"Oh-h!" Mollie exclaimed. Then quite solemnly she took the president's advice and, laughing, pinched her plump arm between a slim forefinger and thumb. "I'm awake," she said gravely. "I'm actually awake!"

"Very much so, young lady," the president said with equal gravity. "That's why we're promoting you."

NAMES THAT ARE WORDS

EITHER in their complete form or through derivation proper names have again and again lost their capital letter and personal significance and have become common words in common use. Every living language grows, and that is one of the minor but most interesting ways in which ours has grown and indeed is still growing.

The names that have been used as common nouns have a wide range. Science honors its men of genius in such words as watt and marconigram; fashion, drawing alike from romance and history, has given us Juliet, romeros, bluchers and Wellingtons in footwear, tams in headgear, and spencers, cardigans and raglans to clothe the figure.

In some of those cases the reason for the new-coined word is obvious; in others it either is not clear or has been forgotten. The easy and convenient Juliet, it is true, is not a romantic article of attire; yet Shakespeare's most romantic heroine, lightly enfolded in whatever was mediaeval for kimono, slipping out from her bedroom upon a chilly stone balcony to gaze at the moon, would certainly have found a pair of wigs and comfortable precaution against sniffling. Wellingtons and bluchers, high boots of military type, were quite naturally named for two famous contemporary commanders in the Battle of Waterloo. The loose, capelike raglan was a style that Lord Raglan, British commander in chief during the Crimean War, favored, and it came finally to bear his name. The cardigan jacket, or cardigan, a homely forerunner of the sweater of today and well known to our mothers and grandmothers, was named for another officer of the same war—Lord Cardigan who led the charge of the famous Six Hundred at Balaklava. No less familiar in our grandmothers' day, though introduced somewhat longer ago, was the term spencer, which means a short, jacketlike garment, feminine in its final form, though it originated with the sterner sex in the day of the great dandies when in matters of dress that sex was less stern and more frivolous. A certain Lord Spencer, being provided by his tailor with a long-tailed coat that he found to be awkward and unbecoming, resorted to the heroic remedy of simply cutting off the tails himself. The abbreviated garment, worn with an air of entire confidence and self-satisfaction, caused a commotion, but people immediately approved and imitated it, and "spencers" became "all the rage."

A recent word of the toilet is the verb "to marcel"; anyone who has newly acquired a "marcel wave" is less often mentioned as having had her hair waved than as having had it marcelled. The Marcel from whom the term is

derived was a hairdresser in Paris fifty years ago; he made a great fortune from his process and retired to the country.

A grim contrast to those frivolities is the story attached to the origin of that powerful appliance, the derrick, which is said to have been named for Theodor, a soldier who served under the Earl of Essex. Theodor committed a crime

and was sentenced to death; but he was pardoned on condition that he would turn hangman and hang twenty-three other malefactors. He complied and seems to have adopted permanently the trade of executioner, for it was he that later in London executed his old commander. But neither from a gallows nor from a derrick did Essex swing to his doom; he was beheaded.

CODES AND CIPHERS

By Lieut. Com. W. W. Smith, U.S.N.



The Army Cipher Disk

AT one time or another almost every boy and girl has tried to communicate with a schoolmate by means of some sort of secret writing. The method that they have used most often perhaps has been to substitute for the letters of the alphabet a succession of weird signs or characters the meanings of which no one except the sender and the receiver of the message understood. Probably the writer of one of those cipher letters would be astonished to know that he had used a system that is closely related to the methods of secret communication used as long ago as the beginning of the Christian era.

The science of secret writing is known as cryptography. Some writers assert that it was practiced several thousand years ago; certainly we know that it was used at least as long ago as the days of ancient Greece and Rome. Julius Caesar corresponded in cipher by advancing the letters of the alphabet, substituting, for example, B for A, C for B, etc.; thus he conveyed his orders by means of a simple cipher that few of the people of his day understood. With the introduction of printing, many books on cryptography were published, and during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries some very interesting works were written on the subject.

Systems of secret communication—private, military, diplomatic and commercial—are used today more than ever before; yet, strange to say, most of the methods now in use are in some ways related to the methods in use three hundred years ago. Even invisible inks are ancient discoveries. But ciphers are no longer limited in use to the contents of letters in the hands of messengers. Radio, telegraph, telephone, cable, under-water sound transmission and the various methods of visual signaling have enlarged the field, and when secrecy becomes necessary or desirable cipher must be used in all of those methods of communication. Moreover, we have seen during the recent war how spies have cleverly hidden important messages in the contents of innocent-looking letters and dispatches and even in sketches.

To understand the subject of cryptography it is necessary to distinguish between the terms "code" and "cipher." A cipher is the name applied to any system that conceals the individual letters of a message, and the act of concealing the letters is called enciphering. Except possibly for Chinese and other picture languages, ciphers may be applied to the writings of all nations. In Chinese the symbols do not represent sounds, and so I am unable to say whether the language can be enciphered. A code is a specialized system of cryptography that requires the use of a book or of a document wherein code groups usually of four or five letters or figures represent entire words or sentences. In commercial codes secrecy ordinarily is not essential; messages are encoded because in that way the text can be greatly condensed and so sent at cheaper rates. Of course there is the added advantage that everyone who chances to read the messages cannot understand them.

WHY CIPHERS ARE NEEDED

In modern cipher, letters or figures are almost always used, because characters or symbols cannot be transmitted by telegraph or radio. However, enciphering individual letters is a long, tedious, inaccurate and unsafe procedure, and almost all nations today carry on their military and diplomatic communication by means of code books. What, then, is the use of cipher in modern cryptography?

Ciphers are used to disguise the letters or figures of the code groups to be transmitted. Officials no longer consider it as possible to maintain the absolute secrecy of any book or

document; a copy of it may be lost or stolen either while in use or while it is being printed. An enemy spy, if he can gain access to one of our code books, can photograph all of its pages in a few hours; he would be too clever to steal the copy itself. Then, since all of our books would be accounted for, we probably would not suspect that an outsider was familiar with our most secret means of communication. Again, enemy agents may learn

the meaning of a coded message, or the press may publish the text of it long after the dispatch has served its purpose. In either case the enemy has enough facts to enable him to learn the entire code. Therefore, although taking every precaution to preserve the secrecy of their code books, nations assume that the agents of other countries know their codes, and as an additional precaution before they send their coded messages they apply a difficult and frequently changing cipher to groups of them. Thus "H I X O C," which may mean "Sail at daylight tomorrow," may be enciphered and transmitted as "B A W Y K."

A CIPHER MUST BE PRACTICAL

Each nation has several codes and many ciphers that vary in degree of secrecy; the most confidential method usually is employed least. Some of the codes in daily use are not highly confidential and are used chiefly to accustom radio and telegraph operators to send and receive groups of letters that cannot be pronounced. Of course the codes also serve to conceal from the idly curious the text of the dispatches, for very few people through whose hands coded messages pass have the knowledge or the desire to decipher them. How easily a simple cipher may pass unsuspected through many hands may be seen from a story of two rival news agencies during the Russo-Japanese War. One of the agencies suspected the other of copying and printing its cable dispatches; so one night it sent out over its wires, but refrained from publishing, an account of the military activities of "General Nelotssiwenshiht." The next day the rival news service narrated in glowing details the success of the so-called Russian general; whereupon the first news agency advised its readers to spell the general's name backward. You will observe that it reads: "This news is stolen."

Some cryptographers assert that any cipher that the brain of man has devised can be broken by an equally clever brain. I am not so sure about that; for my part I have encountered a few ciphers that I consider to be hopelessly difficult. But there is one important thing to take into account in inventing a cipher—practicability. To be of service a cipher must be suitable for general use; it may be made so complicated as to defeat its own ends. In dispatches one word in ten on an average contains an error in coding or in transmitting, and if the person who receives it cannot quickly detect and correct the error the whole message may be lost. As an example there is the case of an important enemy cipher message that the British army intercepted during the war. The cipher was very secret; it was so secret, in fact, that a few errors made it hard for the Germans themselves to decipher it, and those who had received it began frantically to ask for repetitions of certain groups. Meanwhile the British staff officer into whose hands the message had fallen cabled it to London, where it was deciphered, translated, enciphered into an English code and returned over the wires. Thus the British army received from its experts at the War Office the translation of an enemy cipher and were prepared to act on the contents of it before the Germans had succeeded in overcoming the faults of their own system!

The story is enough to indicate that a cipher should never be so complex that the proper person receiving it cannot understand it.

Ciphers are divided into two general classes: those which use transposition and those which use substitution. In the first class the actual letters of the message to be sent are contained in the text transmitted, but they are mixed up or "scrambled" in a manner previously agreed upon between the persons who wish to communicate. Thus to encipher "Be prepared to attack at daylight," begin at the right and arrange the message in seven columns of four letters each:

```

I D C A E E B
G A K T D F E
H Y A T T A F
T L T A O R R

```

The message would be prepared for transmission by reading horizontally from left to right and, if divided into groups of four letters, would read "IDCA EEBG AKTD PEHY ATTA PTTL AORR."

In substitution ciphers for each single letter of the original text there is substituted a different letter or figure or sign or combination of letters, figures and signs. The simplest form of that kind of cipher advances the letters of the alphabet from left to right in their regular order. Thus:

```

(Plain) A B C D E F G H I J K L M
(Cipher) U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G
(Plain) N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
(Cipher) H I J K L M N O P Q R S T

```

From the upper line take the message "Advance and attack" and encipher it with corresponding letters of the lower line. "A" will be "U," "D" will be "X," and so on, and the enciphered text will read "UXPUH WYUHX UNNUWE."

That kind of cipher may be broken almost instantly merely by writing down the enciphered message as intercepted and tabulating below each letter the succeeding letters of the alphabet in regular order until the plain text appears. Thus:

```

U X P U H   W Y U H X   U N N U W E
V I Q V I   X Z V I Y   V O O V X P
W Z R W J   Y A W J Z   W P W Y G
X A S X K   Z B X K A   X Q X Z H
Y B T Y L   A C Y L B   Y R R Y A I
Z C U Z M   B D Z M C   Z S S Z B J
A D V A N   C E A N D   A T T A C K

```

A system somewhat similar and with which Boy Scouts are familiar is that of the army cipher disk shown at the head of this page. The disk has two circles each of which contains the alphabet; and the two alphabets, by the way, run in opposite directions. Printed across the face of the inner disk is an arrow, as shown. The inner circle slides upon the outer circle and is turned until the arrow points to the letter of the outer circle that has been agreed upon as a key. All of the characteristics of the disk may be obtained by imagining that the alphabet circles have been cut and straightened out on two movable strips of paper. If the key were A—F, they would appear:

```

(Plain) A B C D E F G H I J K L M
(Cipher) F E D C B A Z Y X W V U T
(Plain) N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
(Cipher) S R Q P O N M L K J I H G

```

If you make two such strips, it is best to put two alphabets on the upper strip in order that you may move the lower strip freely and at the same time retain the relation.

Using the key A—F, you would encipher the word "advance" as "F C K F S D B." Now, the cipher cannot be broken by the method shown for the straight alphabet type, for the alphabets of the two strips run in opposite directions. But suppose we disregard the key and, writing two similar alphabets, place A of the one under Z or any other letter of the other; in other words, move the lower strip until we have the relation A—Z.

```

(Plain) A B C D E F G H I J K L M
(Cipher) Z Y X W V U T S R Q P O N
(Plain) N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
(Cipher) M L K J I H G F E D C B A

```

Our cipher message "FCKFSDB," if taken from the upper alphabet and transferred to the lower strip, would read: "UXPUH W Y." Then we can decipher the message in the same manner as we deciphered the message of the straight alphabets:

```

U X P U H W Y
V I Q V I X Z
W Z R W J Y A
X A S X K Z B
Y B T Y L A C
Z C U Z M B D
A D V A N C E

```

The next type of similar cipher is that of the mixed single alphabet in which the letters are arbitrarily arranged as if drawn from a hat. The sequence may have been determined

by shuffling twenty-six cards on each of which was written a different letter. Thus:

(Plain) A B C D E F G H I J K L M
(Cipher) Q W E R T Y U I O P Z X C
(Plain) N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
(Cipher) V B N M L K G J F H D A S

If we use that arrangement for enciphering we must rearrange the letters of our strips as follows for convenience in deciphering:

(Cipher) A B C D E F G H I J K L M
(Plain) Y O M X C V T W H U S R Q
(Cipher) N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
(Plain) P I J A D Z E G N B L F K

In order to use a cipher that is so badly mixed it will be necessary to carry in writing the sequence agreed upon. To do that of course is undesirable, and to overcome the difficulty the alphabet is sometimes arranged according to an easily remembered key word; it is necessary only to write the word and to follow it with those letters of the alphabet, arranged in their natural order, that are not used in the key. Thus, if the key is "stenography," the alphabets would be written:

(Plain) A B C D E F G H I J K L M
(Cipher) S T E N O G R A P H Y B C
(Plain) N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
(Cipher) D F I J K L M Q U V W X Z

A cipher of that kind is easy to remember, and if the sender and the receiver arrange a succession of words between them they may change the key as often as they desire. Sometimes two letters or two figures are substituted for each letter of plain text, but they have no advantages over the single substitution; they are just as easy to break and they serve only to double the length of the message.

Now, suppose we take the cipher disk—two movable strips with alphabets of opposite direction will serve—and turn the inner circle so that for each letter of the message to be put into cipher the arrow points to a different letter of the outer circle in a regular manner previously agreed upon. If the key word is "German" and we wish to encipher the word "enemy," we must bring the arrow of the lower strip under "G" of the upper strip. Large "A" shows the place of the arrow:

(Plain) X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J
(Cipher) G F E D C B A Z Y X
(Plain) K L M N O P Q R S T U V W
(Cipher) W U T S R Q P O N M L K
(Plain) X Y Z A B
(Cipher) J I H

For "E," the first letter of the message, write its corresponding cipher letter "C." For the next letter move the lower strip until the arrow points to "E" of the top strip; then find "N" on the upper line, and the cipher letter below it will be "R." Continue to encipher, moving the arrow successively to G, E, R, M, A, N, G, E, R, M, A, N, etc., and the plain text message "Enemy will," etc., will be enciphered "CRNACRYTG," etc.

ANALYZING THE CIPHER

That kind of cipher is called "multiple alphabet." Its advantages are that the letters of plain text, when enciphered, are not so easily apparent, because of the regular changing of the key. It may be seen in the example that the first "E" of "enemy" is enciphered "C" and that the second "E" becomes "N"; there are as many disguises for each letter of the message as there are letters in the key word. If instead of a key word we agree upon a sentence or upon a designated page of a book as a key, the arrow is advanced after each letter in an entirely irregular manner, and we have what is known as a running-key cipher, which, until we have studied it carefully, would appear to be a difficult cipher to break.

There are more complicated ciphers than those that we have discussed, but virtually all of them are based on those systems. Freakish methods sometimes take several steps in enciphering, and machine ciphers are very complex, but at bottom they often are found to depend on only one of the simple systems that we have considered.

Virtually all large nations maintain cipher-breaking organizations that carefully study intercepted code messages. A great deal of the preliminary work is mechanical; the analysis not only should show the language in which the cipher was prepared but should indicate closely the system employed. The following peculiarities and, from the point of view of cryptographers, weaknesses of the English language are greatly depended upon in solving ciphers:

(a) The normal frequency of the letters of the alphabet, determined from thousands of words and messages, is shown by the length

of the lines opposite the letters in the following table:

E _____
T _____
O _____
A _____
N _____
I _____
R _____
S _____
H _____
D _____
L _____
U _____
C _____
M _____
P _____
F _____
Y _____
W _____
G _____
B _____
V _____
K _____
J _____
X _____
Z _____
Q _____

(b) Approximately thirty-nine per cent of the letters of a message are vowels.

(c) Approximately thirty-four per cent of the letters are the following consonants: L, N, R, S, T.

(d) Less than two per cent of a message has the unusual consonants J, K, Q, X, Z.

(e) The letters E, T, O, A, N, I, R, S, H, D, L, U form approximately eighty-five per cent of the ordinary message.

(f) Consonants are much more frequently preceded and followed by the letter "E" than vowels are. And as a rule "E" is easy to find.

(g) The relative order of frequency of the most frequent two-letter combinations is:

TH _____
ER _____
HE _____
ON _____
RE _____
IN _____
AN _____
ES _____
ST _____
EN _____
ND _____
ED _____
HA _____
AT _____
NT _____
OF _____
OR _____
AS _____

(h) Some very common three-letter groups are helpful as the solution progresses. A few of the most common are given in the order that they most frequently occur: THE, AND, ERE, ING, THA, ENT, HER, OFT, FTH, ATI.

Cryptography is not an exact science, and no hard and fast laws can be laid down to guarantee the breaking of a cipher. There

are exceptions to all rules. The best methods should be applied, and each assumption must be carried through to its completion; it must either be justified or proved to be incorrect. False steps are made and are sometimes worked upon for days before the correct solution is found. Patience and persistence are absolutely essential, for results are often obtained only after seemingly endless experiment. Often too the element of luck proves to be helpful.

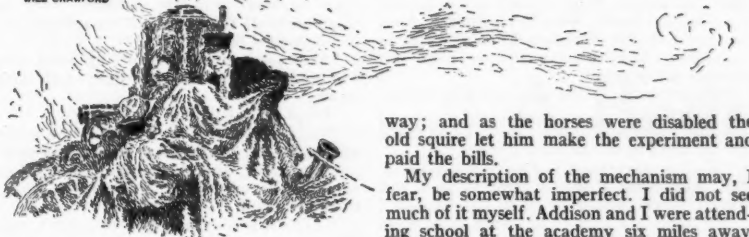
Not infrequently a short cipher message is impossible to solve, but a message of forty or fifty words provides all of the clues to the solution that could be asked for. Two other important circumstances enter into the breaking of ciphers. Several messages in the same cipher or key are usually available to the person who is trying to reach a solution; he may even have an inkling of what the message contains. Moreover, the ordinary person who uses a cipher is careless in preparing his messages. He uses conventional beginnings and endings and repeats common words and phrases; in that way he weakens even the most complex system.

Just as the best censorship of mail consists in holding all letters for a week or two before permitting them to leave the country,—thus making their contents too "stale" to be dangerous,—so the best cipher that can be hoped for is one so simple that it can be rapidly and accurately used and yet so difficult that it will defy solution long enough to render valueless to the enemy any information that he may obtain by breaking it.

THE HOBGOBALO-GINKASAUR

By C.A. Stephens

DRAWINGS BY
WILL CRAWFORD



way; and as the horses were disabled the old squire let him make the experiment and paid the bills.

My description of the mechanism may, I fear, be somewhat imperfect. I did not see much of it myself. Addison and I were attending school at the academy six miles away, and only at odd times when we came home to the farm did we hear what Sparks was doing. The little engine he used was one used for stripping pool stuff, edging clapboards and other light work at the mill. It had an upright, tubular boiler and was of about six horse power. Gasoline had not then come into use. Pitch-pine wood, split in short fagots, was the fuel that he burned in the fire box; it made a hot, but smoky, fire. Sparks also devised a whistle for his tractor, to let the mill folks know when he was coming across the swamp. It wouldn't give a whistle exactly, but rather gave a succession of loud, brazen snorts. When in motion the engine did a good deal of puffing. It should be stated that the road across the frozen swamp was level and nearly straight. What steering had to be done was accomplished by means of a single front wheel and a six-foot lever.

This novel tractor was used for four or five weeks early in the winter until deeper



Without word or outcry of any sort they then suddenly broke and ran

snows came and the horses got over the "zooty," as the disease was often called.

There may have been other similar contrivances at the time or even before then; probably there were. I should scarcely have thought Sparks's invention worth mentioning except for a humorous incident that happened while he was running it; for he always ran it himself; nobody else could!

Sparks was a joker as well as a genius. There was often an uproar at the mill owing to pranks of his and Elphage Culley's. If those two men were together for an hour, there were sure to be high times.

Culley was the Irish foreman at the old squire's lumber camp five miles above the sawmill, but he was often at the mill and had a great deal to say about Sparks's log hauler. A constant contest of wits was going on between the pair. It is not easy to say which came out ahead, the Yankee or the Celt. The Irishman was quicker-witted, but the Yankee was the more fertile in devising pranks, some of them outrageous ones, which for a few moments made Culley fairly dance with rage. But I think that nevertheless he really loved Sparks.

Zachary Lurvey of Lurvey's Mill was another lumberman whose work the "epizoötic" greatly delayed. His timberlands were on the other side of Lurvey's Stream, and that winter he had a lumber camp about two miles from ours. Lurvey had a crew of nineteen choppers, all from the Peticotodiac region in New Brunswick and all ardent Seventh-day Adventists. That was not quite so remarkable a circumstance as it may seem at first. The Seventh-day Adventists keep Saturday instead of Sunday for their Sabbath and day of rest. No lumber company would hire Seventh-day Adventists to work with others not of that belief on account of the bother and extra expense of having two Sundays in one week. "Seventh-day" workers had therefore to band together enough to make up a full crew and all hire at one place.

The crew from Peticotodiac had come to Maine in a body and hired for the winter with old Zack Lurvey. They were conscientious workers, steady and trustworthy in their habits, which is more than can be said of all loggers. On Saturday they sat round the camp and read their Bibles, but they made up for it by working hard the next day.

Sunday is often a gala day with the loggers in the woods. If there are camps not many miles away from one another, the men frequently visit back and forth. After Sparks had been running his log hauler for perhaps a week, he ran it up to the old squire's upper camp one Sunday—following the logging road—to exhibit it to Culley and the crew.

Really some proper Sunday entertainment ought to be devised for logger crews off in

the woods to keep them out of mischief. They have a whole day on their hands with nothing to do. Certain lumber companies have tried to introduce services and amusements, but not much progress has been made as yet; and at the time I now refer to nothing of the kind had been even attempted. The crew was left to amuse itself in any uproarious way it chose.

While at the camp during the afternoon Sparks repeatedly heard off to the westward on the other side of Lurvey's Stream the distant crash of falling trees and finally asked what logging crew was at work there on Sunday. "Aw, it's auld Zack Lurvey's Canadians!" Culley said. "The haythen have lost the run of the days of the wake!"

That proved highly interesting to Sparks and, one thing leading to another, the two jokers hatched a project to have fun after dark that night with the lately arrived provincials.

They set to work and built a long frame of green poles over the log hauler, changed the smoke pipe to one side and covered the whole with a big black tarpaulin, which had been brought to camp spread over a load of food supplies. At the rear they put up a tall ten feet tall with a tassel on it; and at the front they cut two holes in the tarpaulin, the size of saucers, to stand for eyes. They also put on a nose of oak bark, four feet long, with big slits for nostrils; and below that they cut a transverse gash three feet long and folded the cover back to represent a huge, half-open mouth with grinning teeth. To cap the whole, they rigged two tall, prick ears of white birch bark.

When lighted from inside, the figure was a grotesque, not to say frightful-looking, contrivance. They had no end of a good time making it all that afternoon—a nice Sunday job!—and they had it done by sunset.

There was a winter road where hay and other supplies had been hauled in from a landing place on Lurvey's Stream, and old man Lurvey's logging camp was near the stream bank on the other side. As dusk fell in the woods Sparks fired up, and they then stood back to admire their handiwork. "She's a spalpeen!" Culley exclaimed. "Sparky, me bhoy, shall we name it?"

"Why not?" said Sparks. "We will call it a hobgobalo-ginkasaur."

Culley danced with glee. "Say that ag'in, Sparky! Say ut ag'in, so Oi can git the roight turn av ut in me mouth!"

They were about starting out with it when Culley cried, "Hould on! To give 'em the full binifit av ut, wan av us must rin on ahead and prepare their moinds forinist the toime they ketches fust soight av ut! Oi'll be the advance messenger, so to spake. Come on slowly behoid me, Sparky, and no shourt-in' till ye mate me comin' back!"

Culley ran on ahead, and the way he prepared the minds of the unsuspecting provincials was by bursting in upon them while they were peacefully eating supper, shouting, "Rin! Rin fer your lives! Oi've come to warn ye! There's a hobgobalo-ginkasaur comin'! Rin! Rin, Oi tell ye! Ye've not a moment to lose! He's ravaged our camp. He's et two av our men! Jist now he's headin' this way!"

Culley dashed out of the camp as precipitately as he had dashed in and ran back across the stream on the ice to meet Sparks.

But the provincials were slow to take alarm. They surmised that what had frightened Culley was nothing more formidable than a moose, and they had not been reared in the wilds of Petitcodiac to be afraid either of moose or of bear. They followed him out of doors, however, and stood curiously peering into the obscurity and listening. Then immediately they began to hear from the direction of the other lumber camp exciting sounds: shouts and yells and terrific snorts.

Like steady, sober men of good conscience, they stood wondering and for some time wholly unafraid. But the snorts drew nearer, and presently through the gloom of the spruce woods a pale unearthly glare diffused itself. Whatever it was, it came on, crashing brush and snorting, and on nearing the stream disclosed the outline of a monstrous head with huge fiery eyes, a nose from which breath issued in vaporous spurts and a mouth and teeth the size of which beggared all description!

It is an axiom among military men that no army runs like an army of brave soldiers when once it is routed! The Canadians stood their ground and stared until the hobgobalo-ginkasaur reached the stream bank and started to cross over where they were. Without word or outcry of any sort they then suddenly broke and ran. And, oh, how they ran!

After half a mile or so three or four of them climbed trees. But most of the crew

fled straight on down the road to Lurvey's Mills,—seven miles,—and ere long the tree climbers descended and followed them.

Sparks did not actually run his log hauler across the stream; he was afraid of breaking through the ice; and after rolling round there in unhallowed mirth awhile Culley and he succeeded in backing the contrivance to their camp, where it was hastily dismantled and the paraphernalia destroyed.

Monday morning found everyone back at work as usual, and for a month or more the old squire knew nothing of that Sunday escapade. At Lurvey's Mills, however, there was serious trouble brewing. Old man Lurvey couldn't get his crew to go back to their camp. The "Seventh-day" men refused utterly to enter the woods again till old Zack himself had gone up and investigated.

The old man was there looking round for a day or two. He suspected that a trick had been played and, coming across to the old squire's camp, accused Culley with picturesque vehemence. It was said that the "argument" that ensued between them was

audible for two miles round, and that Culley expressed extreme amazement and indignation at the charge. But the whole story gradually came out, and Lurvey, then on none too good terms with our folks, started a suit against the old squire for damages on account of loss of time by his logging crew. After the old squire learned the facts, he settled the suit out of court for fifty dollars.

Sparks and Culley still kept quiet; nor did the old squire call them to account for the prank. But the following April after all hands had been paid their wages for the winter's work and had gone away the two jokers appeared to have talked the affair over together and decided that it was incumbent on them to square the matter. Soon afterwards the old squire considerably to his astonishment received a registered letter one night with fifty dollars in it.

The following autumn at the county fair I happened to meet Culley, and to satisfy my own curiosity I questioned him. "That ginkasaur cost you twenty-five dollars, didn't it?"

"'Twas worth it!" he replied with a grin.

BLACK EAGLES AND WHITE

By Archibald Rutledge

Chapter Six

What happened to the sloop

WHEN Lee Rawlins and I from the sand dunes below heard the struggle begin in the dark slave tower above us we realized that it was a life-and-death matter. We felt ourselves in a singularly helpless position. Immediate help seemed to be needed by Charley Snow, who had evidently been set upon in the darkness by one or more assailants; and to give instant help was beyond our power.

"I'm going up!" cried Lee, springing toward the tower.

I did not try to stop him; for I had made up my mind to do the same thing myself.

"We'll go together," I said. "But keep cool, Lee. Remember that the great thing is not merely to climb, but to reach the window."

We began the ascent; but both of us were far too excited to be careful. By the sounds of the desperate struggle going on above us we could not help being wrought up. And I

Lee and I had left Charley's hound tied to a bush, and the man's body fell close to the dog. We heard him growl at being suddenly startled; then he whined uneasily.

"Was it Charley?" asked Lee. "We had better go down, Steve, and see."

"It isn't Charley," I answered. "But let us go down. I think that the fight is over."

As we were beginning our descent Charley Snow leaned from the window over us.

"Cap'n Steve! Cap'n Steve!" he called.

I answered him.

"Ain't nobody but jest me up hyar now. I've gwine outen the big light and come down."

"Right, Charley! Are you hurt?"

"No, cap'n. But I was 'bliged," he added apologetically, "to do what I done jest now."

On reaching the ground Lee and I bent over the sprawled figure on the sand. He lay there very still.

"Let's take him into the tower," I said.

"We can get a torch going properly in there and can see what is to be done."

The elder brother and I lifted the dead

It jest got so we both couldn't rightly stay up there. He done jump at me in the dark," he went on, "but he done miss me with his knife. Then I closed on him, and we didn't 'xactly get parted till he fall from the window."

While Lee and Charley were talking I was examining the man who had fallen into our hands. Apparently he carried no weapons; therefore the knife to which the negro had referred must have dropped from him during the fight above. As far as I could ascertain, the fellow had suffered no broken bones. He had fallen on a freshly drifted dune with sufficient force to stun him. However, his heart was beating almost normally, and his breathing, though faint, was regular. I was satisfied about his condition, feeling sure that he would come to in a few minutes.

"He was a burly customer for you to handle in the dark, Charley," I said, "especially since he took you off your guard, and you were given no opportunity to flash that club of yours on him."

Charley laughed uneasily.

"Dat's wuss than climbin' after a raccoon, or even a wildcat," he admitted.

"What did you do when he tackled you?"

Lee asked.

"I jest grabbed him, and we jazzed round, argu'ing all the time. Then he tol' me he would throw me outen the window, but I jest done beat him to the throwin' business."

"Are you sure that there's no one left up there, Charley?" I asked. "And tell us about the light too."

"Nobody is lef' up there, cap'n. Dat light," he explained, frowning his dark brows in a painful effort at concise thought, "been jest a big lamp, with a round glass in front and a shiner behind. The steamer that used to come into Dumbarton had one jest like him. He done smash up on the beach now," he added.

"A makeshift searchlight," Lee said.

"Yes," I agreed. "Now, Lee, I am satisfied that this fellow here has a partner, and that Jim is with him. One of them stayed here to look after the light. It was the kind of light that could be kept burning only at intervals, or its discovery and destruction would be certain."

"Why Jim is being held I can't see," said the elder brother.

"Jim is onto their game, for one reason, as is proved by what is scratched here on the wall. Then, they may need him. By holding him they may get something from us,—or imagine they can get something,—a promise, for instance, that we will keep quiet about their infernal game, should we discover it."

"We were after a white eagle," said Lee slowly, "but it appears that we have run into an aerie of black ones. How is your patient, Steve? Do you know the fellow?"

"He's coming round soon," I answered. "As for knowing him, I believe I can say for sure that I do."

"You know him?" he asked, incredulous.

"It's either Peter Benchner or his double. But how he got into this business down here beats me. He belongs up the Santee, at Honey Hill."

Honey Hill was some fifteen miles up the Santee on our side of the river. For several years it had borne a somewhat ugly reputation as a gathering place of a good many lawless characters out of the swamps and pinelands. Peter Benchner, whom we had caught, was the ringleader among a certain desperate element of Honey Hill. At his door had been laid at least one willful murder; but for that crime nothing had ever been done to him. He had no immediate family, and his property consisted of a log cabin squatting in a few starved acres in which crab grass and cotton, sheep sorrel and corn, continually waged a battle for the ascendancy.

I was sorry that Benchner had got himself into this trouble. I had come to know him slightly through buying otter skins from him, for he was a trapper of no ordinary skill. However, since we had caught him at this wicked business, it was our part to see the matter through, without letting pity interfere with justice. I went over to him now and found his condition satisfactory. At any moment he might be expected to open his eyes.

The thought of the vessel offshore and of the possible effect of the extinguishing of the false light on the course she had been holding caused me to step out of the tower and around the side in order to make such observations as the weather would permit.

The rain had altogether ceased. The brisk wind had not permitted the fog to gather heavily; indeed, certain faint stars were momentarily visible. Southward I saw Romain Light ablaze. Hardly a quarter of a mile eastward from the wreck of the Storm Queen I saw the lights of one vessel—the same ship



"I can't seem to see the Waban for the mist," Lee said casually

at least felt some responsibility in having let Charley Snow take the risk that had led him into this single-handed fight. However, by sheer excited effort we reached a height of fifteen feet; and while we hung there, each one of us groping with hands and feet for a purchase to lift us farther, the fierce encounter in the room above came to a sudden and dramatic ending.

The fight had surged toward the window over our heads. We heard a voice threatening and an answering threat. We heard the battle renewed with a fresh intensity. Then, with a despairing cry, the black bulk of a human body hurtled down behind us and fell heavily on the sand at the base of the tower.

weight of the man's limp body and bore it inside. We had hardly laid the man down and stuck a torch upright in the sand when Charley Snow, walking with his catlike, easy gait and leading his hound, rejoined us.

"Are you all right, Charley?" I asked.

"And is the light out?"

"Yes, sah; she is done out. I picked the whole thing up and throw it out of the window."

"Sit down and tell us about it," Lee said. "You did a fine piece of climbing, Charley; but I hope you haven't killed this man you threw from the window."

"I hope he ain't hurt," said the negro honestly enough; "but him or me had to go.

evidently that I had feared was driving full on the shoals. At once I noticed the difference in her course.

"She's changed her mind," I said to myself. "She heading straight away from shore. I never saw a coastwise ship take an offshore tack at so sharp an angle as that. I believe she's been in the lion's jaws and has come out again. You owe it all to Charley Snow," I added as the vessel drew slowly farther and farther seaward and toward safety. "That vessel," I went on, "had all sails set for the harbor where the Storm Queen lies; but when the light in the tower went out she came to her senses—and just in time. She's headed for Charleston, I suppose. She can't miss Romain now. I'll bet the man at her wheel got the scare of his life. He was close enough in to hear the breakers; and he had to bring her about mighty skillfully in order to clear her. Now, I wonder if we shall ever know what ship it is, and if she realized her danger? She may belong to the company that Willoughby Sykes, the lawyer, represents. He's sleeping soundly in Charleston right now; but he'd be having nightmare if he'd dreamed of what I've really seen tonight."

As I reentered the door of the tower Peter Benchner was sitting up against the tower wall. He looked dazed, and his skin was pallid under a week's growth of stubby beard. Lee Rawlins had been standing near him and had evidently been speaking with him, but I could see that Benchner had not been inclined to answer. Charley Snow was standing back against the opposite wall; his hound was lying beside him, but the dog seemed to keep a watchful bright eye on our prisoner.

"Tell me about my brother—about Jim Rawlins," I heard Lee say; "only tell me that he's safe. You took him off the old wreck out yonder, didn't you?"

Benchner did not answer. But when he saw me he recognized me at once and with inarticulate words tried to struggle to his feet. Yet his strength would not support his effort, and he sank back. I came over to him and sat down opposite him.

"So, you're in this, are you, Lesane?" he asked with dull malice, glowering at me, and finding his voice at last.

"I'm in it," I agreed readily enough. "Where's Jim Rawlins?" I demanded of him.

Benchner, his wits fast returning, became crafty. "We thought he might be of use to us; that's why we took him," he said.

The man's voice was thick and husky, but the color was returning to his cheeks.

"Where is Jim?" Lee asked, repeating my question with a sternness in his voice and a determination that won my admiration.

"I know where your young brother is, and I will tell you," Benchner said this much in a measured, guarded manner. But he said no more.

"Well?" I asked, in no mood now to be tricked by this fellow; nor did I care to see Lee Rawlins, who had borne his brother's loss like a man, kept in needless suspense.

"I'll get him for you," the man said, his small eyes shifting sharply; "but you need not expect me to do it for nothing. You've got me, and we've got Jim, as you call him. How about fair exchange, Lesane—and nothing said about this light business? What's a light anyway between old friends like you and me?"

I looked at Lee Rawlins. After what we had been through, Benchner's offer was a temptation. Not that for a minute I considered taking it; but I was thinking of Lee, and of what his brother's safe return would mean to him.

"We can't possibly do it, Steve," said Lee; "it's merely a bargain with the devil, and no good can come of it. We can't possibly do it," he repeated so that there could be no doubt of Benchner's understanding him, "not even to get Jim back."

"Benchner," I said, "you know what Lee Rawlins thinks about your proposal. I am with him, and Charley Snow over there will back us to the limit. Whatever happens, we aren't going to turn you loose."

"You've no right to hold me," the man said sullenly; "you aren't officers of the law."

"Well," I answered, "I'm not so sure about that. You are trespassing on my property for one thing, and I'm going to take a chance on holding you until some officers get here. If I'm taking a liberty with the law, it's in a mighty good cause; besides, Benchner, you're no one to talk about doing things according to law. Before you get through with this business, you'll testify about that light you had blazing in the top of the tower. It's worse than murder that you were up to, Benchner."

"And when I get back to Honey Hill and my people hear of this you three will be sorry you ever run into me," he said threateningly.

"Oh, that's all right," said Lee lightly; "we are willing to abide by what we have done and what we expect to do. You haven't been caught by cowards."

I admired the way in which the elder brother carried himself. I knew well how badly he wanted to recover Jim, and how his feelings must be urging him to accept the offer made by our sullen prisoner; but he stood to his guns like a man. For all his youth and the easy manner that was natural with him, he recognized the right thing and followed it, though it was the hard thing.

The dangerous light had been extinguished, —apparently barely in time to save a gallant ship,—and one of the criminals who had lighted it was in our hands. We did not know how many men might be in this band at work on the island. The others might return, overpower us and rescue Benchner. The tower appeared an unsafe place for us to stay; and there was no necessity for our remaining. All our time, I explained to Lee, from daylight on, could be devoted to the search for Jim. I assured him that I felt sure that his brother was safe, and that he would be restored to us.

"These fellows," Lee said, "are not only would-be wreckers; they are kidnapers. And yet Benchner has the nerve to threaten us. Well, we'll see. Your plan is all right. Let us start at once."

"You and Charley just stand by the door until I get a small matter arranged here," I said quietly.

Going back to our sullen and silent prisoner I told him to stand up. He obeyed with poor grace.

"Your hands behind your back, Benchner," I said.

He cursed me under his breath; but we were three to one, and he obeyed. With my belt I bound his hands fast together. Then I told him that we were ready to move.

"Just take the beach in front of us," I explained; "we're going back to camp."

Without a word Benchner walked slowly out of the tower and, turning down the beach, headed for the southern end of the island. He had no choice except to do as we told him.

On account of the darkness, and from the fact that all of us were near exhaustion, our march down the beach took us a long time. When we came to the point at which we were to turn through the thickets I went in front; Benchner followed, while Lee and Charley with his hound brought up the rear. It lacked hardly an hour of dawn when we came to our dim camp on the silent back beach facing Anchor Sound below Peace Cove.

"Peace Cove is the right name and the right harbor," said Lee with honest weariness.

Charley busied himself about the dead embers of the fire and soon had a cheerful blaze crackling. Presently we had food; we offered some to Benchner, but he curtly refused.

Slowly now above the lonely island the shadows of the night were lifting. Day was coming. Soon the great rose of dawn would bloom in gradual beauty over the surging ocean, the wild island, the level marshes.

"I can't seem to see the Waban for the mist," Lee said casually, peering out across the foggy channel.

"Watch this man," I said, "while I go down and see about her."

A little anxious, but really expecting to see my sloop lying offshore where we had anchored her, I went down to where we had tied the small boat to a live-oak snag. The small boat was gone. Nor, strain my eyes as I would over the misty waters, could I distinguish anything that might be an outline of the Waban. Even as I stood there in growing dismay day broadened fast. Soon the whole channel across the Romney Marsh was clear. There was no doubt now of the fact: the Waban had disappeared.

I did not immediately turn to where the others awaited me; I was so amazed and startled that I did not know what to say or suggest. The storm had hardly been sufficient to make her drag her anchor. Had she slipped her cable, the southwest wind would have blown her up against the shore of the island. Then, there was the disappearance of the small boat that had to be accounted for.

I stepped down on a little sand spit and looked up Alligator Creek. Two objects instantly caught my vision. A mile away, with sail and jib spread to the early morning breeze, was my sloop, heading through the narrow passage for the broader reaches of the Santee. And high above her, over Romney Marsh, circling in lone splendor and lighted by the faint fresh colors of the young day, I saw the great white eagle.

TO BE CONTINUED.



A Bedtime Tale

of grains shot from guns

125 million explosions in each kernel

If you want your child to love whole-grain foods, tell her the story of Puffed Grains.

Invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson. Made to make whole grains enticing and easy to digest.

The grains are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell turns to steam. When the guns are shot the steam explodes. Over 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

The delightful results

Every food cell is thus blasted for easy, complete digestion. Every atom of the whole grain feeds. The grains are puffed to flimsy bubbles, 8 times normal size. And they taste like toasted nuts.

Then the child will want Puffed Wheat in milk at night. And what other dish in all the world would you rather have her eat?

Morning Joys

Puffed Rice is the finest cereal dainty breakfast ever brings. Serve with cream and sugar, mix with fruit, or douse with melted butter.

Flimsy, flavory bubble grains. Yet each is a whole grain made wholly digestible.

These are the foods that children love best, and the best foods they can eat. Serve them at all hours, in plenty.



Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice



Kemal Pasha

FACT AND COMMENT

IT IS NOT GOOD to be unfortunate, but it is often good to have been so.

That Words are like Sunbeams all Speakers should learn:
The more you Condense them the deeper they burn.

THERE IS ONE THING of which we can be certain: we are always punished by the wrong we do as well as because of it.

WHEN A MAN BUYS an automobile in Japan he bargains for his car as we in America dicker for a piece of real estate. The asking price is generally \$500 higher than the selling price; automobiles that sell for \$1300 in America bring about \$2500 there.

THERE WERE ten and a half million motor vehicles in the United States in 1921, an average of one automobile for every ten inhabitants, or one car for every two families. The ratios range from one car for every five inhabitants in California to one for every twenty-eight in Alabama.

A CHICAGO CIVIL ENGINEER proposes a system of subways under the sidewalks instead of under the city streets. He says that it is possible to construct a good subway system of that kind at less than half the depth of the ordinary underground railway, and at a tenth of the cost.

CANADA NO LONGER WISHES that its citizens have the honor of knighthood or a peerage conferred upon them. A Canadian prime minister used to be sure of knighthood, but this year the King's birthday honors conferred only a privy councilship on the present premier, Mr. Mackenzie King.

A DEPARTMENT STORE in Antwerp recently conducted a race of toy balloons as an advertisement. On a given day some four thousand entrants let loose toy balloons each of which carried a post card with the request that whoever found it should return it. The winning balloon traveled 102 miles, which was considered as remarkable, for the day was rainy. Most of the balloons traveled about twenty-five miles.

DURING THE YEAR that closed on June 1, the Wenatchee Valley in Washington shipped sixteen thousand carloads of apples, or one apple for almost every inhabitant of the world. It is reckoned that the yield this year will be one tenth less. The prosperity of the Wenatchee apple district under its system of coöperative effort should be an example to other communities that are adapted by soil and climate to produce a special crop.

A LARGE SHARE of the upper classmen at Princeton ride bicycles. The freshmen by honored tradition may not have them and must wend their way to distant classes by "Shanks' mare," ready at any moment to step into the gutter at the warning cry, "Out of the way there, freshman." The senior at graduation sells his machine to a sophomore, and so the process goes on till the valiant old bicycle, like the one-hoss shay, falls to pieces all at once.

"SHEFFIELD PLATE" was originally a sheet of copper to which a silver plate was fused on each side, and took its name from the English town where it was made. Electroplating having superseded the fusing process, the trade used the term recklessly, even applying it to thin-coated hollow ware. A recent conference of manufacturers condemned the practice and defined the word as meaning "an article well plated on a base metal of

nickel silver of not less than ten per cent nickel content." The manufacturers agreed to abide by that definition in their business.

THE NEW RULER OF TURKEY

THE collapse of the Greek adventure in Asia Minor is complete. The Greek army was literally driven out of Anatolia and out of Smyrna itself into the sea. King Constantine's dream of securing himself in the affections of his people by a career of military conquest in the ancient Ionian lands is shattered. It is even possible that he may be forced to abdicate in order that Venizelos may return and try to resolve the confusion of public affairs in Greece. He undertook a task that was beyond his strength in the hope that France and Great Britain would support him. That they have not done, partly because they dislike Constantine, partly because they fear to offend their own Moslem subjects by further humiliating the Turks. They are gathering the harvest of their vacillation; the Turk is loose again, and no man can tell how much war and bloodshed may follow.

From the dust and smoke of the Anatolian battlefields Mustapha Kemal Pasha emerges as a figure of large importance in the world. This man is a Turk of an unusual type. He is tall, fair-haired and blue-eyed. When he is not in his national costume there is nothing of the Asiatic about his appearance. He might pass for an Englishman or even for a Swede. He was an officer in the Turkish army for some years before the outbreak of the war, but he was never a follower of Enver Pasha, and he opposed the plans of Enver and his colleagues for an alliance with Germany. Kemal was even then a determined Nationalist. He did not want Turkey to be the tail of the German kite; nor when that disastrous adventure was over did he mean to let his countrymen sink into helpless dependence on the will of the Allies. He quarreled with the Sultan's government at Constantinople because of its subservience to Allied influence. At Angora, in the heart of Asia Minor, he set up the standard of revolt. All the virile elements in the Turkish nation rallied to him. He has organized an army, efficient as we see, though none too well armed, and he has a parliament and an administrative government that seem to be doing their work. All through the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan it is Mustapha Kemal's writ that runs, not that of Mohammed VI.

It is a long time since the Turks have had so capable a ruler. He is not a luxurious idler like most of the Sultans, or a cruel, crafty coward like Abdul Hamid, or a flashy, selfish schemer like Enver Pasha, or a coarse, brutal ruffian like Djemal Pasha. There is not much of the religious fanatic about him; he is not a preacher of an Islamic holy war. Neither, though when it suited his purposes he has been ready to negotiate with the soviet government, is he anything of a Bolshevik. He aims at restoring the power and the political independence of the Turkish nation, and if anyone can perform that feat he seems to be the man.

What he will do next the world waits to see. Will he threaten the Allied garrison at Constantinople? Will he break finally with the Sultan, or declare himself appointed to deliver that shadowy monarch from the control of the Western Allies? What will be his attitude toward the Arab Kingdom in Mesopotamia and toward the French occupation of Syria? It is clear that he is a person who must be reckoned with, and that he will go far toward restoring the Turkish power in Asia unless the French and the British find it possible to agree on a policy in the Near East that can restrain him. At present they are no more agreed how to treat Turkey than they are how to treat Germany. Great Britain talks of using its navy to keep the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus under international control. France and Italy, which for reasons of their own prefer that the Turk rather than the Greek should dominate the Levant, will not help and freely announce that there must be no coercion of Kemal. The Russian government is heard to declare that it must be consulted if new arrangements about Constantinople are to be made. It, too, is well disposed toward Kemal. As has happened so often before, the discord of the European powers is the Turk's best defense.

Kemal himself is not bloodthirsty, but the massacres that followed the taking of Smyrna show what is sure to happen when a Turkish army gets the chance to wreak its ancient hate on the Armenian or the Greek. Nothing will ever make the Turkish soldier anything but a cruel and savage fighter. Kemal has not

disciplined him to the point of sparing his fallen enemy; probably he can never train him to that point. There will be other outrages; the whole Near East may easily enough flame into war. Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré have something else than Germany to disturb them now.

VOYAGERS OF TODAY

IT is difficult for us to realize today what voyaging meant to those old travelers of the mediæval world. With their new-found compass they could launch out into what seemed boundless mystery. Beyond the little corner where they dwelt there was—what? No man knew: rich, strange secrets of undiscovered beauty and wonder, mysteries of nature, mysteries of civilization, wealth ungarnered and unlimited—perhaps; perhaps also, and far more likely, new and unimagined dangers, fierce, terrible, destroying monsters, ensnaring sirens and everywhere unknown, sudden, torturing possibilities of death. What excitement can we conceive comparable to that of setting forth with Columbus in those three little cockshells on that tremendous adventure?

For today there is no such excitement of physical discovery left us any more. The globe is known, monotonously, wearily, painfully known. There are a few patches still scattered here and there where human foot has never wandered; but we are sure that they are precisely like the vaster patches that we have seen and traveled and studied, till they have ceased to have secrets or mystery, and almost to have interest. Some day man may visit the moon and the planets; but until then the old charm of geographical exploration persists only for those who have unlimited curiosity or unappeasable restlessness.

Yet the explorer of today has still realms left him that can be traversed with unending interest and delight. The physical world may be mapped and measured; the world of thought has vistas of discovery and mystery that open newer and vaster with every day and year. Einstein upheaves the solid earth under our feet, teaches us that the surest calculations are built on rubble, mixes and mingles the infinitely least with the infinitely greatest, till our mental universe is dissolved into a cloudlike fabric of instability.

Even less explored and understood, even more fascinating in its immediate appeal to every one of us, is the dim, perplexing region of man's soul. There are secrets there, dreamy riches there, beauties there, which offer absorbing and sufficing employment to the most restless spirit and to the most ardent heart. And behind them all is the one supreme, enthraling, fulfilling mystery of God. What Columbus of tomorrow, armed with what celestial compass yet unfound, will probe those mighty depths and reveal to us some of the secrets for which humanity has thirsted in vain so many thousand years?

The discoverer of today may sit quiet in his study and there encounter rarer wonders, stranger, madder adventures and more rewarding treasures than any fifteenth-century voyager ever conceived.

CAMPAIGN EXPENDITURES

POLITICAL reform moves slowly, but it moves restlessly. One evil against which the forces of reform are now advancing and which they are certain to overcome is the lavish expenditure of money by and for political candidates. Formerly there was open and direct corruption in the conduct of elections. Now that voting is really by secret ballot it is not so easy to buy votes outright, and the man who does buy them can never be sure that the goods have been delivered; so, if they are still bought, it is only on a small scale. It is the enormous sums that are spent in legitimate and semi-legitimate methods of influencing elections that are the real scandal.

Whatever benefits our primary election system may confer upon us are at least partly offset by the advantage it affords to wealthy candidates, unless the balance can be restored by limiting the gross amount that any one candidate may spend. The laws that were first passed when that fact impressed itself on the minds of reformers were crude and tentative, but they are gradually becoming more precise and effective.

The laws governing elections of United States Senators and Representatives in Congress are the most important of all. Some of them are national laws, some are state laws, and the two classes are not always harmonious. In a recent famous case the Supreme Court pronounced unconstitutional

the law under which there had been a conviction. One of the justices who concurred in the decision did so because the law to govern the conduct of a senatorial election was passed when the state legislatures elected Senators, and consequently before the amendment of the Constitution that transferred the election to the people had created an entirely new situation. The Senate has now passed a bill to overcome that objection, and the House too is pretty sure to pass it.

The proposed law gets rid of that one objection but leaves others untouched. It will still be illegal for any candidate for the Senate to spend more than ten thousand dollars to promote his own election. But anyone can see that, if that sum is reasonable for a candidate in New York, it is a hundred times too much in Nevada, which has only one one-hundredth as many voters as New York has. Conversely, if it is a proper sum for Nevada, it is ridiculously small for a candidate in New York. Justice requires that what a candidate may legitimately spend shall bear some reasonable ratio to population.

Another point, also most important, must receive attention. In the attempt to avoid prohibiting really legitimate expenditures the Senate bill provides that the cost of circulars, posters or other printing, except in newspapers, is not to be reckoned a part of the allowed ten thousand dollars. The objectionable phase in the provision is that part of it which excepts newspapers; for it would be the candidate of small means that would wish to reach the voters by advertising in the newspapers, since that is the cheaper way, and if he used the newspapers he would have to include the expense in his report. The wealthy candidate, on the other hand, might spend fifty times as much in all other kinds of printing without having to report it. Moreover, editors themselves are sometimes candidates for office. They could use their newspapers without limit and without cost, whereas lack of means might prevent their opponents from using them at all.

"It was a difficult bill to draw," said the Senator who had it in charge. Evidently it was. The public may be gratified at the prospect of even a partial reform, but it will insist on something more thoroughgoing and equitable.

CONCILIATING SOUTH AMERICAN OPINION

MR. HUGHES is the fourth Secretary of State who has gone on a mission to South America. Mr. Root made a notable tour of our sister republics to the south, and during the presidency of Mr. Taft Secretary Knox followed him and later Secretary Colby. Each of the visits was intended to promote the friendliest relations between the United States and the southern republics.

The occasion of Mr. Hughes's mission is most interesting. Brazil has now been an independent nation and power for one hundred years. It was the last of the South American countries to declare and make good its independence of European rule, for Uruguay was a province of Brazil until 1825.

Brazil, moreover, was peculiar in being subject to Portugal, whereas all the rest of South America was Spanish, and also in continuing as a monarchy after it had attained its independence. Dom Pedro, who was the legitimate sovereign of Portugal, chose to be emperor of Brazil rather than to wear the crown of his little European kingdom. He and his son, the gentle and lovable Dom Pedro II, occupied the throne until the people overthrew it, set up a republic and exiled Dom Pedro II, who, though gentle and lovable, was also indolent and unprogressive. That was in 1889, when the "Perpetual Defender," as he was officially designated, had reigned fifty-eight years. The republic has now existed a third of a century, not without some turmoil and disorder, but with less than has been usual in the countries south of us.

We have referred many times to the propensity of certain South American politicians, some of whom aspire to the rank of statesman, to misrepresent the attitude of the United States government and the American people toward the governments and the peoples of South America. It is inexcusable, whether it is based on ignorance and imagination or on a deliberate desire to deceive; and it is satisfactory to observe that the people of the South American republics seem to be learning that they have been misled. The hearty welcome given to Mr. Hughes cannot be accepted as evidence, for they are too polite to have received him in any other way; but for some years the governments have ceased to be frightened by the bogey of sinister design upon them by the United States, and the

press and the people are not so easily alarmed by the alarmists.

Since the German menace has been removed there is but the remotest danger that the Monroe Doctrine can ever be invoked as an excuse for repelling a European or monarchical assault upon any country of the Western Hemisphere. We shall never interfere in the internal or external affairs of any of our neighbors unless it be to compose quarrels and insure peace among them. Consequently, since we shall always act justly, the last injurious suspicion of our policy toward them must ultimately disappear.

OUR INSECT ENEMIES

UNDoubtedly there was a time when the sabre-tooth tiger and the cave bear and the poisonous serpents threatened the very existence of the infant human race. Man thought of the beasts of prey as his dangerous enemies; insects were nothing more to him than a continual annoyance. But he long ago won his battle with the reptiles and the carnivora. He won it with bow and spear, and the invention of firearms has made it possible for him to exterminate any species that he thinks it worth his while to wipe out. His real struggle today is with the swarming billions of tiny insects and parasites that carry disease or threaten to consume the plants that are necessary to his life and comfort.

The mosquito, which spreads malaria or yellow fever, the flea, which carries the bubonic plague, the louse, which transmits typhus fever, the boll weevil, which ravages the cotton fields, the corn borer, which menaces one of our greatest food crops, the scale insect, which kills our fruit trees—those and other tiny creatures like them are the natural enemies of the human race, against which we must be prepared to wage an unrelenting warfare.

Such pests are so minute and so incredibly prolific that at first it seems quite hopeless to think of exterminating them. But Dr. Felt, the state entomologist of New York, says that it is at least possible to keep down the numbers of most insects to a point where they can do little harm, and where they are even in danger of complete extermination by natural causes. That can be done only after a careful study of the conditions that favor or obstruct their breeding, and then by interfering to produce conditions that are unfavorable. The malaria mosquito, for example, has been virtually exterminated in many places by covering all the pools of stagnant water with a film of oil. The larvae of the insect die because they cannot rise to the surface through the oil. So, by appropriate measures, the cattle tick has been quite cleared out of no less than five hundred thousand square miles of territory.

Creatures like the boll weevil and the corn borer are more difficult to reach. It is probable that they can never be wiped out unless nature comes to the aid of man with some disease or blight that the insects cannot resist. It has been suggested that the boll weevil might be starved out by the expedient of planting no cotton at all for one year. It would be hard to get every planter to agree to that, but if it were possible the plan might be efficacious.

Persistent and thorough spraying will overcome some insect enemies; the destruction of trash heaps and undergrowth where they breed will keep other species under control. Some, like the corn borer, present a problem as yet unsolved. But the plan of campaign against all those tireless enemies of man is the same. There must be first a careful, scientific study of the life history and the habits of each species, then the widest possible publication of the results of that study, with instructions for attacking it in its breeding places, and finally the intelligent co-operation of state authorities and private citizens in carrying out those instructions. Not many species can be destroyed at one blow. Against most of them the warfare must be continual, the vigilance unremitting; but if man puts his mind and his will to the work, he can get the better of his insect enemies as he has got the better of the savage beasts.



CURRENT EVENTS

THE grand jury in Williamson County, Illinois, has indicted some forty men for taking part in the coal mine murders at Herrin. Some of the men are under arrest;

others got away from the town before the grand jury finished its sitting. Judge Hartwell made an excellent address to the jury and impressed on them the importance of seeing that justice is done. The indicted men are shortly to be brought to trial.

WE hear from the chairman of the Shipping Board that American capital amounting to thirty million dollars is interested in a newly formed company that intends to engage in the transatlantic passenger trade. According to Mr. Lasker's statement the company is planning to build several ships of seventy thousand tons each, which are to be driven by electricity instead of steam. The Majestic, now the largest ship afloat, has a tonnage of only fifty-six thousand. It appears, however, that the building of these monster ships depends on the passing of the ship subsidy bill—which may or may not happen. Meanwhile the Shipping Board, or rather the Emergency Fleet Corporation, has got rid of the 226 unemployed wooden ships that the government built during the war. They cost about one hundred and fifty million dollars, and they sold for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Even that was considerably more than the best price that was offered last spring when the Fleet Corporation tried to sell them.

THE Department of Agriculture reports the probable world crop of wheat as 3,019,526,000 bushels—forty million bushels less than the crop was last year. Europe outside Russia is raising much less than last year, North America somewhat more, and Japan and India considerably more. The United States and Canada raise more than a third of the entire crop.

DID anyone else ever have so much hard cash in hand as Mr. Henry Ford has? The financial statement of his motor company—which means to all intents and purposes himself—reports \$145,985,669.31 as ready cash in hand or in bank. The entire assets of the company are put at \$409,820,132. Mr. Ford is not putting off buying coal because he can't pay for it!

THE League of Nations has been in session again at Geneva. The meeting did not produce much that was interesting to the general public, but the newspapers reported that there was a strong feeling among the delegates that the League ought to consider taking the European situation out of the hands of the Allied premiers, who seem unable to come to any practical agreement about either Germany, Russia, the Near East or the relations between Italy and the Southern Slavs. An attempt to do that would offer an excellent opportunity to test the actual strength of the League.

WHETHER or not the Attorney-General contributed anything to the settlement of the shopmen's strike when he asked the court to enjoin the union leaders from every sort of activity in carrying on the strike, he started a vigorous discussion over the propriety of his conduct. The spokesmen of labor were of course severe in denouncing the injunction that Judge Wilkerson granted. Language no less forcible was used in the newspapers and in Congress. One Congressman demanded that Mr. Daugherty be impeached. Those who defended the Attorney-General in the newspapers and elsewhere pointed to the frequent interference with the operation of trains and the occasional attempts to wreck them and repeated the mysterious hints from Washington about the activity of Communist agents among the strikers. The injunction could hardly be made permanent without some convincing testimony on the last point, for it undertook to forbid a good many things that are permitted to striking workmen both by law and by custom. While the injunction was still before the court on a petition to make it permanent, negotiations at Baltimore between the strike leaders and the representatives of some forty or fifty Western and Southern roads resulted in an arrangement by which Mr. Jewell, the president of the shopmen's union, was authorized to sign agreements with any railway that consented to the terms of the Baltimore settlement. The men are to return to work at the rates set by the Railway Labor Board. The difficult question of "seniority" is to be arbitrated by an adjustment board made up of employers and representatives of labor.

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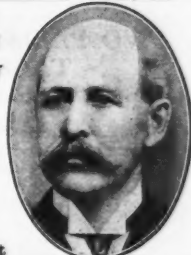
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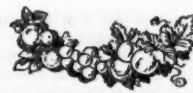
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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



TWO PAIRS OF SPECTACLES

By Ursula Kimball Russell

THERE were once little girl twins named Sally and Susy who looked as much alike as two peas. Both had blue eyes, pretty brown curls and dimpled cheeks. If their mother had not always dressed Susy in pink and Sally in blue no one could ever have told them apart.

One fall day Sally and Susy took two little baskets of luncheon and went out into the woods to gather nuts. They made a very pretty picture as they walked along together. The flowers on Sally's dress were not so blue as her eyes, nor were those on Susy's dress so pink as her cheeks, and the sunshine itself was no brighter than their happy faces.

They had gone only a little way when they met a little old peddler with silvery hair and kind, bright eyes.

"Good morning, children," said the peddler. "Do you happen to want any spectacles this morning?"

"No, thank you," said Sally politely.

And Susy added, "Nobody in our family wears spectacles except grandma."

The old man shook his head. "Yes," he said, "old folks are more likely to need them than young folks. Especially rose-colored specs."

"Rose-colored?" asked Sally. "I never saw any rose-colored spectacles. Grandma's are white."

"Mine are all colors," the peddler replied. He slipped his pack off his shoulders and began to unstrap it. "Perhaps you would like to see them."

"Indeed we should," said Susy and Sally together.

The peddler opened his pack, and spread out his wares. There were, as he had said, spectacles of all colors—pink, green, blue, yellow, lavender, and many strange and unusual shades besides.

The two little sisters were delighted.

The peddler's eyes twinkled merrily. "I will give you each a pair," he said kindly. "Spectacles of this kind do not have to be fitted to the eyes. Take any color that you wish."

"I shall choose pink ones because I always wear pink," Susy said.

The peddler handed her a pair of rose-colored spectacles. "You have chosen wisely, my dear," he said.

"I shall choose blue ones," said Sally, "because I always wear blue."

The peddler looked troubled. "Perhaps you would find some other color more pleasing," he told her. "Don't you like these yellow ones? Or how would another rose-colored pair like your sister's do?"

Sally pouted. "I want blue," she said.

Without another word the peddler handed her a pair of blue spectacles. "If you find they don't suit," he said kindly, "come back to this spot tomorrow, and exchange them. I shall be here."

He helped the girls to put on their spectacles, and then, shouldering his pack again, he bade them good-by and went trudging down the road.

The twins looked after him. At the bend of the road the peddler turned, too, and waved to them.

"What a nice old man!" said Susy.

"It's too bad he's so plain," Sally replied.

"Why, I didn't think he was plain at all!" Susy exclaimed. "His hair was like silver, and he had such a kind, jolly face."

"His mouth was crooked, and he had a wart on his nose," said Sally. "I noticed it just as he was leaving."

"That's queer; I didn't notice it at all," Susy said.

They walked on toward the woods, but before they had



They no longer looked alike

gone far Sally stopped and said, "I think we had better go home. It is going to rain. Just see that big dark cloud!"

Susy glanced at the sky. "Why, I never saw the sky clearer or the sunshine brighter! And where is the cloud?"

Sally looked cross. She pointed to a little wisp of cloud that Susy had not even noticed.

"Oh, that little thing!" said Susy, laughing. "A shower out of that cloud wouldn't wet a

baby chick. Come on. We're nearly to the woods. I'm getting hungry for some lunch."

When they reached the woods Susy clapped her hands. "Just look at the beautiful big nuts all over the ground!" she cried.

"I don't call them big!" said Sally. "And I must say I don't see very many, either, and what few there are look wormy!"

"Oh, I think they are lovely!" Susy said. "Let's eat our luncheon first and then fill our baskets with nuts."

They sat down on a mossy bank and opened the two little baskets.

"How good the food looks!" said Susy. "Chicken and jelly sandwiches and gingerbread and little frosted cakes!"

But Sally was frowning. "The sandwiches are all broken up," she said, "and the cakes are stuck together. The gingerbread is burned, too."

And she would scarcely eat anything at all.

Her luncheon eaten, Susy scurried round like a busy squirrel and soon had her basket full of nuts. Sally kept looking at the sky and talking about the storm that she knew was coming. She gathered scarcely a handful of nuts.

No one who met the little girls on the way home would have dreamed that they were twins. Susy's face was bright and smiling, while Sally's wore a discontented frown. They no longer looked alike.

"What a quantity of nuts, and did you have a good time?" grandmother asked when they reached home.

"Beautiful!" said Susy with a smile.

"Horrid!" said Sally at the same time.

Their mother glanced up from her sewing. "Don't you feel well, Sally?" she asked. Then she added, "Where did you get those spectacles?"

Susy and Sally told all about the peddler.

Their mother smiled as she listened. "So he said that you might exchange the spectacles if they didn't suit?" she said. "Well, you'd better carry yours back, Sally, and get a

pair like Susy's. In the meantime I should take this pair off if I were you."

Sally took the spectacles off, and immediately her frown disappeared. She began to laugh.

"Why," she said, "it must have been the blue spectacles that made everything seem so horrid!"

Next morning Sally and Susy found the peddler waiting in the very same spot where they had met before.

"Don't the spectacles suit?" he asked.

"Susy's do, but mine don't," replied Sally. "I think I should like a rose-colored pair, after all."

The peddler's eyes twinkled as he opened his pack. "I thought you would," he said.

A RIDE IN A DOG HOUSE

By Evangeline Weir

WILLIE and Donald were playing hide and seek, and Willie was looking for a good place to hide. In the next yard he saw a dog house, which Mr. Willis, the carpenter, had just finished. He crept inside it.

It was very comfortable in the little house, and Willie fell asleep. Donald searched for a long time before he thought of the dog house. He peeped in and, seeing Willie asleep, thought he would play a little trick on him; so he quietly closed the door and slipped the bolt and then went home to supper.

Donald ate his supper, forgot all about Willie and went to bed. But sometime in the night he awoke and remembered what he had done. He put on his clothes, crept downstairs and went out into the darkness. He found his way to Mr. Willis's yard, but he could not find the dog house.

He was very much frightened, but he knew he must find Willie. He pulled the heavy knocker. It sounded all through the house. Mr. Willis came down with a light in his hand.

"Why, Donald!" he said when he saw the small boy. "What is the matter?"

"I locked Willie in the dog house and it is gone," he said in a frightened voice.

"Of course it's gone," Mr. Willis replied. "I just finished it yesterday for a man down at Millville, and I sent it over on the evening train. I remember that the box felt rather heavy when I lifted it on the car. Does his mother know what has happened?"

"No. Willie goes down every night to stay with his aunt while his uncle is away."

"I see. She thinks he is down there. Perhaps he is, Donald. Go back to bed, and in the morning we'll look him up."

Donald did not say anything more. He ran home to his room, but he could not sleep. He thought of Willie in the dog house, alone in the dark and without any supper.

Again he crept down to the kitchen. He put a biscuit in his pocket and started to find his friend. He knew that if he kept to the railroad track he would finally reach Millville. It was a long way off,—nearly ten miles,—but he meant to go there at once.

As Donald walked on through the darkness he felt very much afraid. He had to rest a great many times, and his feet blistered and grew very sore. It was getting light when he reached Millville. He looked for the dog house, but it was not there, so he sat down to wait until Mr. Willis should come to help him find Willie. He felt a little better now that morning had come, and, laying his head against the station door, he went to sleep.

"Hello, Donald!" somebody cried. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. There was Willie with the ticket agent.

"You are a fine boy to lock a fellow up and forget him," said Willie, taking it for granted. "How did you get here?"

"I walked," Donald said wearily.

Willie seemed to enjoy the adventure. "I never woke up," he told Donald, "until the man lifted the dog house off the train. I peeped through the hole, and then I knew what had happened."

"And he barked so loud," said the ticket agent, "that we opened the door. Out crawled a boy instead of a dog, and I had to take him home and feed him."

Just then Mr. Willis came along in his car. "I see the lost dog has been found," he said, laughing. "How did you get here, Donald?"

"He walked ten miles in the dark," the ticket agent answered.



CONVERSATION

By Arthur Guiterman

Said the brown fur seal to the little Eskimo
Where the gray gulls wheel to the blue ice floe,
"While it's fine up here in the long, bright day,
In the sea, my dear, is the place to play!
For the mermaids sing in their golden caves
Where the starfish cling and the seaweed waves,
And the narwhal grim through the darkness glides,
And the sea trout swim with their rainbow sides;
And you have to look out for the great big whales
When they roll about or they wag their tails!"
"But isn't it co-o-old?" asked the little Eskimo.
"Why, no," said the seal, "I shouldn't say so!"

STARTING AT FOUR

By Gertrude West



So—the Southdown beauties were smoothed and brushed,
And the feathery geese and Jersey cow;
Then the clock was wound; the house was hushed;
And you fell to your dreams you knew not how.

For tomorrow opened the county fair.
How you shivered and thrilled at joys in store—
At the hamper packed and waiting there
And the magical word, "We'll start at four."

There were silver maples along the way,
And they caught at the moon and held the moon;
While a mocking bird took shine for day
And was trilling its morning song too soon.

There had been a fog like a rain that night;
With the wheels of the spiders' mist-gray lace;
And the road led under boughs drenched white,
While they icily sprayed each upturned face.

With a tinkle-tink on a shadowed ridge
There were cattle a-grazing down the dawn;
And wheels rang out on a ghostly bridge,
And a whispering creek was past and gone.

Oh, the sun came up on an unknown land,
From a tapering hill you did not know;
There were small neat farms on either hand;
And a shimmering haze hung far and low.

There were drowsy croonings like broken rimes;
And the wheels as they turned seemed drowsy too—
Then you woke from dreams of fairy chimes;
Lo! a merry-go-round was calling you.

"MY PEACE"

WHEN you enter a hospital you see long rows of beds with weak and diseased and broken bodies; you see faces drawn with pain; you see tired nurses after long nights of watching and ministering; and sometimes you see heartbroken relatives, desolate in their loneliness.

Because of those things it seemed strange and wonderful to find in one of the city hospitals an example of the perfect peace—a little eight-year-old girl. She had suffered for many months, and at last her relatives had brought her to the hospital for a serious operation, the result of which would be either death or life with restored health and happiness. The surgeon believed that with good luck the child might survive.

The attendants expected a somewhat distressing scene when the ether was given and were trying to harden their hearts against the cries of fear that frequently occur at such a time. The moment came, and the attendant approached with the ether. The child lay watching with close attention. Then suddenly, instead of a cry from her lips, a most beautiful and winsome smile like the opening of a flower overspread her small white face. Then she closed her eyes and reverently, as if at her mother's knee, repeated in a low, sweet voice:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

There was silence for a moment as tear-filled eyes turned away. Then quietly and confidently the serious work began. All nervousness, all strain and anxiety had departed, for the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and which was hers,—had filled their hearts.

A MOTTO FROM SOCRATES

PUSHING aside a battered bird cage and a pile of plush-covered albums, Elinor perched herself on the end of the counter with the announcement that she meant to snatch a moment's rest.

"Look out!" warned Jessica, rescuing a tottering jardiniere while a dislodged corn popper slid unheeded to the floor. "Pretty sort of sales-lady you'll make! Suppose I hadn't rescued this precious object—why, with all those red and orange dragons on it in a welter of green clouds, it ought to bring in a good fifty cents. Some benighted individual might even pay a dollar."

"In the interest of art with a capital A," the chairman of the rummage-sale committee replied impatiently. "I almost think I ought to turn in the fifty cents myself and smash it on purpose. It's a horror."

"Somebody'll love it, though," said Glenda. "Somebody who revels in color. She'll probably emphasize its charms with a red geranium to rival the dragons. Girls, this is my third rummage sale. At my first I felt apologetic about some of the things I sold; but I'm not so ingenuous now. Be it known to all and impressed

upon salesladies in particular that there's nothing too hideous to suit some taste or too useless to be useful to somebody."

"But do you really think that jardiniere is hideous?" ventured Lucilla timidly. "It's rather startling; but in a characterless, dull room that needed brightening I can imagine the effect being quite good."

"There! You see," said Glenda. "Lucilla, you'd better be the one to sell it; come forward with your best smile if anybody looks at the thing and keep her as far away as possible from Nell's blighting condescension. She's too high-brow for this job anyway."

"I'm not," Elinor declared with spirit. "Wait till you see the way I dispose of our nine old hats and seven petticoats and three pairs of rubber boots; they'll go off like hot cakes."

"If you don't mind," said practical Jessica, "I'm going to concentrate specially on the two stoves and the refrigerator; I think I can get a really good price for them. I've two prospective customers coming that I telephoned to."

"Good work," Elinor said approvingly and gazed round the little shop, which was just emerging from cluttered chaos into order. She laughed. "You'll certainly call me a high-brow again, but the spirit moves me to quote Socrates, and I'm going to quote him! It was when he'd been to an auction—but it might just as well have been a rummage sale if rummage sales had been an institution of ancient Athens—that he said, being a great philosopher and the husband of Xanthippe, who would certainly have made things uncomfortable if he had brought home an inartistic jardiniere, or a bird cage not adapted to Greek nightingales, or a gas range before gas was invented, or—"

"Do come to the point, goose!" interrupted Jessica.

"He said," concluded Elinor, "How many things there are that I do not need!"

"Oh!" cried Lucilla eagerly. "What a splendid motto for rummages! We ought to have it in big black letters on a placard—think of it, a motto from Socrates!"

"Indeed we ought not," contradicted Glenda. "It might do on cards soliciting contributions,—yes, it really would be fine!—but it's hardly a selling advertisement. We want to encourage people not only to get rid of their own stuff but to acquire their neighbors'."

Good-natured Jessica had noticed shy Lucilla's flush. "Oh, well," she drawled, "how about a Socrates motto in one window and in the other a motto from Marcus Aurelius: 'How precious may be to others that which to me is but an encumbrance!'"

"Marcus Aurelius!" exclaimed Elinor suspiciously. "Did Marcus Aurelius really—" And then she saw the twinkle in Jessica's eye. "Jess! You fibber."

"Well," said Jessica tranquilly, "he had a habit of saying true things, anyway, and he may have said that among the rest, for all I know to the contrary. Marcus Aurelius was quite as wise as Socrates!"

SAVING LITTLE PIG

WHEN this country was only sparsely settled, writes a contributor, my great-grandfather fell in love with and married a pretty, enterprising young woman of a small trading post, and together they started out into the wilderness to make a home for themselves. For a time they struggled on with their old horse and the few bare necessities that they carried.

At last after much hardship they reached a little grove that they found to their liking, and my great-grandfather built a little cabin of rough-hewn logs and mud one side of which—the side nearest the door—had a massive fireplace built with stones from the hillside and with mud from the banks of the river that flowed by the door. Soon after the new house was finished my great-grandfather left his pretty bride and with the horse and his gun started back for supplies.

After an anxious and lonely wait on the part of my great-grandmother he returned safely and presented her with a tiny squirming pig. In those days a pig was a rare animal, and my great-grandmother was enraptured with her gift. No mother worked harder to save the life of her baby than my great-grandmother worked to keep life in that little pig. As they had no cow she fed it warmed water and a little flour mixed, and Little Pig thrived in the cabin. It was not long, however, before he was too large for the little cabin, and one day great-grandfather built a pen outside.

All day the pig squealed his protests at having to leave the cabin; but toward dusk great-grandmother noticed a different tone in his squealings—a note of terror. She hesitated; her husband had gone off on a hunting trip. At last, going hurriedly to the door, she saw a large bear trying to reach the pig. Even as she looked the bars gave way, and as the bear fell inward Little Pig rushed between the huge paws toward the half-open door of the cabin. All too soon the bear recovered his balance and lumbered after the pig. Great-grandmother glanced at the brute and then closed the door; he was too near for her to risk holding it open longer.

The poor pig dodged between the bear's paws again and circled the house. Three times great-grandmother tried to open the door, only to find that the bear was too close to its quarry. Three times Little Pig dodged the outstretched paws and circled the house. Great-grandmother peeped out of the door again. This time it seemed to her that the bear had lost a little ground. She

opened the door a little wider, and with a despairing squeal the pig dashed inside.

Great-grandmother slammed the door, but one great paw and half of the head of the bear were inside. She pushed; both were strong, and both were thinking of the pig. Then, trying to hold the door with her foot, great-grandmother reached over to the fireplace and, seizing a scalding ladleful of soup, threw it straight into the face of the bear. His fierce growls suddenly changed to roars of pain, and he backed away. Great-grandmother slipped the bar across the heavy door and then sank to the floor.

My great-grandfather, returning late that night, was astounded to see a huge bear rushing through the woods on its hind legs and apparently trying to tear its head off with its paws. He was glad to put it out of its misery. But he was still more amazed, when he reached the house, to see my great-grandmother sitting on the floor, trying to comfort a still frightened little pig.

NEGOTIABLE PAYMENT

FOR five minutes Hen Golden, the village storekeeper, had been busy filling the order that Melissa Harvey was reading from her list. At last Melissa decided that she could carry no more; gathering the packages and cans into her basket, she remarked laconically, "Charge it!" and strode out of the door.

"Call late you'll ever get any pay from them Harveys, Hen?" Uncle Eben Whittaker asked from his accustomed corner behind the stove.

"Oh, I guess they'll pay me all right," Hen replied as he entered the purchases in the day-book.

"Yup, they'll probably pay you same as Ed Clemens got paid for his spruce. Never heard about that, did you, Hen?"

The grumbled reply indicated that Hen was not much interested in spruces, but, unperturbed, Uncle Eben continued. "Wal, Ed, he had a dispute with Uncle Jimmy Wade over the boundary line up at the north corner of the fifty-acre lot, and they couldn't noway agree. You know where it is, Hen, right up there beyond Thurston's pasture. Ed, he allowed the line run from the big ledge to the oak at the edge of the wood lot. Uncle Jimmy claimed that it run from the ledge to the big pine, and between 'em both the argument got pretty hot. Finally they decided that it wasn't no use to fight, and they sent for a surveyor to come and run the line over again."

"Wal, I guess things would have been all right if it hadn't been for the boys down at the Point. They wanted to put up a liberty pole in the square for the Fourth of July, and so they come up and cut one of the best spruces in the wood lot right in between that oak and that pine. Uncle Jimmy, he heard about it first, and he declared he was going to collect damages for the spruce, bein' as he claimed the land. He tried it too, but 'twasn't no use; those boys wouldn't admit they done it, and when he threatened to have the law on them they laughed at him."

"I dunno who it was, but somebody told Ed that the boys paid Uncle Jimmy five dollars for the spruce. Now Ed ain't narrer, but he's just a little close, and he wasn't going to let Jimmy get away with any money for that spruce without getting his own share, since he had a good claim to the land. He hitched up that old gray horse of his to the democrat wagon and drove right over. 'See here, Jimmy Wade,' says he, 'they tell me the boys cut a liberty pole up on the lot.'"

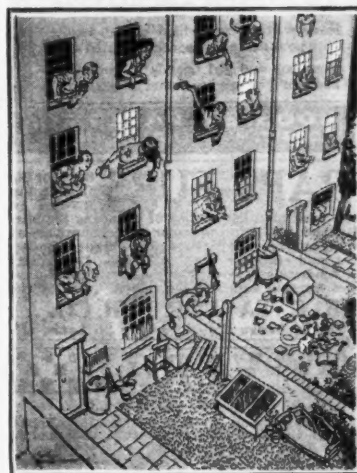
"Uncle Jimmy had one of those high-pitched voices. 'Yes, they cut a liberty pole,' he says."

"Wal," says Ed, "I understand they paid you for it."

"Yes, they paid me all right," Uncle Jimmy replied in that squeaky voice of his. "They paid me all right!"

"So I heard," Ed says, "and bein' as you and I both claim that land, I thought I'd step round and collect the money—my share of it anyway."

THE FRIEND OF MAN



His nocturnal music does not soothe the savage breast.
—Arthur Watts in the Tatler.

"Then Uncle Jimmy was mad! Ed said it was plumb ridiculous to hear him stutter and squeak at the same time. 'Oh, yes, they p-p-paid me,' he says. 'They p-p-paid me all right! They p-p-paid me in sass, and if you want it I'll hand it right over to you!'"

Uncle Eben helped himself from the cracker barrel. "Of course," he added, "them Harveys may be all right, but sometimes it's hard to tell."

FOUND HIS SISTER BY RADIO

A HOME MADE radio set in the hands of a boy living in Ohio enabled him to accomplish in a few weeks what his mother, assisted by lawyers and private detective agencies, had been trying to do for thirteen years. He succeeded in finding his lost sister. The story, as Mr. Pierre Boucheron tells it in the Radio Broadcast, is one more instance of the romance of wireless telegraphy.

One evening, says Mr. Boucheron, Lester Archer of Toledo conceived the idea of broadcasting a call inquiring for and describing his lost sister whom unfriendly relatives had placed in a children's home many years before. The powerful amateur station 8ZL sent out his call in the continental Morse code, and hundreds of other amateurs relayed it.

Night after night Archer sat at his receiving set, listening for an encouraging reply. Weeks passed, and his task had begun to seem hopeless when one evening the faint call 8KV, Archer's own registered call signal, came from an amateur at Van Wert, Ohio. Following the call came some words that were hardly discernible, but among them Archer was able to distinguish "your sister."

Late the same night when there was less local interference in the air he got into communication with the station at Van Wert and learned that a young girl who answered the description of his sister was living at the house of a near-by farmer at Rockford in Mercer County. The amateur added that he had been trying to reach Archer for the past two weeks.

To the surprise and joy of Archer and his mother the report proved to be correct; Mrs. Archer recognized the girl instantly as her daughter.

BENNETT'S RULES FOR SUCCESS

BEFORE Mr. A. B. Farquhar had started upon his successful career as a manufacturer of agricultural machinery he came to New York to discover how the great business men of the last generation had made their millions. Many of them gave the boy sound advice, but that of James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the Herald, especially impressed him. It was early in the morning when young Farquhar found Mr. Bennett alone in a little office. The boy had scarcely spoken a dozen words when the keen-eyed journalist interrupted him.

"Look here, young man, you look as though you had not eaten breakfast. Whenever you see anyone you should be at your best. You cannot be at your best if you are hungry. Go out and get your breakfast and the 'come back.'"

After the boy had breakfasted heartily at the Astor House as Mr. Bennett's guest, Mr. Bennett told him his recipe for success:

"The really important thing for you to know as a young man is that you must bank up a health account. Look at me; I am never sick. I never take a vacation. I am here at the office early in the morning and sometimes late at night. But I always try to be in bed early enough to get a good night's sleep. If you get plenty of sleep and are careful of your diet, you will never be sick."

A BANQUET IN HONDURAS

THE proverb of the crown and the uneasy head might well be twisted to apply to a Central American president. Certainly the president of the Honduras that Mr. J. H. Curle describes in This World of Ours could not have felt at his ease for very long; there was too much revolution and intrigue for that.

Once, says Mr. Curle, there was a banquet at Tegucigalpa, the capital. The man who happened to be president on that day attended it and sat next to the consul of the United States. In the midst of the banquet the electric light failed, and the room was plunged into darkness. Fearing a plot, the president sprang to his feet, but the consul seized his arm. "Sit down!" he whispered. "It is safer."

The light returned a few moments later. The consul was sitting calmly in his chair; beside him sat the president, wiping the sweat from his brow; every other man in the room was on his feet, guarding himself with drawn revolver.

ALMOST AS GOOD

LITTLE Mabel, says Punch, cast an indignant look at her brother, who had got the best of the plateful of cherries that the children were dividing. "You really are a pig, John," she declared.

But her mother did not like the word. "It's not very nice to call your brother a pig, darling," she said.

"All right then," replied Mabel. "But the next time I see a pig I shall call him 'John.'"

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FACIAL PARALYSIS

IN most cases facial paralysis is the result of a disorder of the nerve controlling the muscles of that side of the face; that is, it is a symptom of a neuritis rather than a change in the muscles themselves, though a change is not impossible. The facial nerve may be affected in various ways, as for example by direct injuries, by tumors, by inflammations and especially by middle-ear disease or mastoid trouble that has spread. Facial paralysis is a grave complication of middle-ear disease or of mastoiditis.

The great majority of people who seek the physician to find relief for facial paralysis blame "a cold" as the beginning of their trouble, and observation seems to prove that many persons, especially those who are inclined to be rheumatic, have acquired the ailment from sitting exposed to a continuous cold draft, as in railway traveling. There is a kernel of wisdom in the old saying, "Wind blow on you through a hole, sew your shroud and save your soul."

When a person has facial paralysis the muscles on the affected side cannot work. The forehead will not wrinkle, the eye cannot close; the corner of the mouth hangs down, and the whole face appears to be drawn to the opposite side. Moreover, the sufferer cannot speak distinctly.

Facial paralysis generally comes suddenly, and the cause and the severity of it determine the course that it will run. Mild cases generally recover in from four to six weeks; and severe cases may last for six months or longer. The cases that are secondary to middle-ear disease are more serious, for when there is destruction of the parts of the ear through inflammation the facial nerve may also be destroyed. In ordinary cases the outlook is favorable.

The treatment depends upon the underlying conditions; in mild, uncomplicated cases the treatment will be that of "colds" in general with special treatment to relieve local pain. Electric treatment of the paralyzed muscles should follow. The patient himself can help much with massage.

THE CUCKOO AND HER EGG

THE moving-picture photographer, it seems, has made a most interesting and unexpected discovery about the habits of the English cuckoo. What we knew before, says Country Life, was that the cuckoo laid a large number of eggs; more than twenty have been attributed to one bird. The hen chooses the nest into which she means to put her own egg, and the nests invariably belong to birds of one species.

Now the photographer for the cinematograph has found out something to add to that information. Records show that the cuckoo does not, as was originally supposed, lay her egg in a hedge-row and then carry it to the nest of her victim. Before laying her own egg she takes into her beak one of those that are already in the nest, lays her egg in the place it occupied and then flies off, not with her own, but with her victim's egg in her beak. That egg she later eats. Hitherto it has always been supposed that when the cuckoo is seen flying with the egg in her beak it is her own egg, which she is going to place in the nest of another bird.

AND MOZART WAS ITS COLONEL?

THE distinguished pianist had finished several selections in the hotel parlor, and the guests were discussing other numbers.

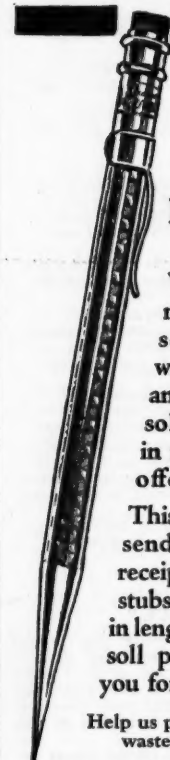
"Now, for instance," one lady suggested to her neighbor, "perhaps you recall Mozart's Twelfth Mass."

"Indeed I do," responded the other brightly. "My father served in that very regiment during the Civil War."

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE

CHAIRMAN, addressing a meeting: "I am sure we will be very sorry our secretary is not here tonight. I cannot say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face.'"—London Tit-Bits.

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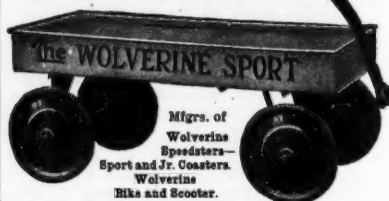
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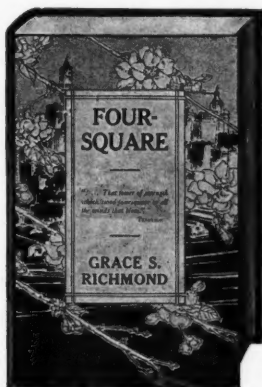
THE WORLD'S BEST

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NEW NOVEL

FOURSQUARE

"... That tower of strength which stood foursquare to all the winds that blow."—Tennyson.



MARY FLETCHER, a captivating young girl, buries her talent for really great writing in unworthy literary ground. John Kirkwood, brilliant editor of a successful magazine, feels her personal charm and realizes the popular quality of her work, so tries to hold her to the less worthy but surely popular character of her literary output. He has an almost hypnotic power over her; his tact, his understanding and his great personal charm win her in spite of herself.

Not until Kirkwood introduces her to the Bohemian life of New York and she witnesses a sordid tragedy is she disillusioned. She realizes the ignoble quality of his friendship. She returns to Newcomb, her girlhood town, to visit an adoring aunt.

Mark Fenn, a professor of Newcomb College, and his sister Harriet are close neighbors of Mary's aunt. He watches Mary's progress with more than friendly interest, for he has

loved her for years. He realizes that she is not keeping up to her standards and feels that he can help her to be her best self. So, it becomes a struggle between these two men, Kirkwood, active, Fenn, passive, for the soul of this woman.

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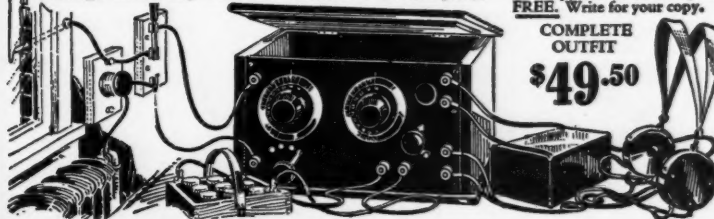
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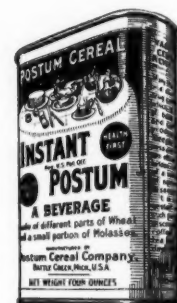
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